

MARCH

File

Jacksonville Republican.

"The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance."

Vol. 8.—No. 9.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1844.

Whole No. 373.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
J. F. GRANT,
At \$5 in advance, or \$3 00 at the end of the year.
No subscription received for less than one year unless
all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor.
A failure to give notice at the end of the year of a wish
to discontinue, will be considered an engagement for the
next.

Terms of Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS of 12 lines or less, \$1 00 for the
first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. Over
12 lines counted as two squares, over 24 as three, &c.

Irregular insertions charged one dollar per square
for each insertion.

All personal advertisements, communications
or notices, should be accompanied by a fee.

Job work and advertising must be paid for in advance;
and interest will be invariably charged upon all accounts
from the time they are due until paid.

Advertisement handed in without directions as to
the number of insertions, will be published until forbid
and charged for at the rate of \$1 00.

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements
inserted for six or twelve months.

For announcing candidates, &c., of candidates, 50 cents
per square.

ONE PAGE MUST BE PAID on all letters addressed
to the Editor on business.

HARP OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

With an ordinary degree of pleasure do we welcome
our young and gay, the bold, the joyous
Boys of Mississ., the late production is decidedly the best.
The last Tear I shed has already passed expeditiously
through the press, our apology for republishing it is,
to correct by the author's direction one or two in
portions, "Shall I see them no more?" reached
by a late mail an admirable little poem, full of
beauty and sweetness.

THE LAST TEAR I SHED.

The last year I shed was the warm one that fell
As I said then, dear mother, and bade thee farewell;
With a tear, and a pang, I left thee on thy b'rd;
And felt for the last time a mother's embrace.

And heard thy chuked accents, "Come, and wait
God bless thee forever, God bless thee, my child!"

I thought of thy counsels, unheeded or spurned,
As mirth had enlivened or aye, had cringed;
And by a sickly heartless lie I lay,
The last morn, and soothed my night by day;

How much I had won by thy sorrows and joy,
And my feelings overflowed, and I wept like a boy.

Years, of years of endurance have vanished, and now
There is pain in my heart, there is care on my brow;
The visions of hope and of pathway are gone;
And careless I travel life's pathway alone;

Alas! ay, some, though some kind ones there be,
There are none here to love me, to love me like thee.

My mother, dear mother, cold heard them die
Till sharing, but oh! I am not what I seem;
Though, calm and fearless, all changes I bear,
Could they look in my bosom, THE FEELING IS THERE!

And now, sad and lonely, as memory reveals
The passing apart, again the tear falls.

Holly Springs, 1-13.

[From the Dublin Nation.]

BIDE YOUR TIME.

Bide your time!—the morn is breaking,
Bright with Freedom's blessed ray,
Millions from their trance awaking,
Soon shall stand in stern array.

Man shall fetter man no longer,
Liberty shall march sublime;
Every moment makes you stronger;
Firm, unshaken, bide your time.

Bide your time—one false step taken
Perils all you yet have done;
Undismayed—erect—unshaken,
Watch and wait, and all is won!

'Tis not by one rash endeavor
Men or States to greatness climb,
Would you win your rights forever,
Calm and thoughtful, bide your time!

Bide your time—your worst transgression
Were to strike, and strike in vain;
He whose arm would smite Oppression.
Must not need to smite again!

Danger makes the brave man steady—
Rashness is the coward's crime,
Be for Freedom's battle ready,

When it comes—but, bide your time!

THE POOR STRAWBERRY BOY.

BY PHELIX SHAWTELEG.

On a fine morning in the summer of '22, a handsome but poorly dressed boy called at the door of a rich mansion in L—— square in New York city, and offered a basket of strawberries for sale. Having disposed of the fruit, he was about to depart, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a beautiful girl, some twelve years old, who crossed the hall near the door.

She was the only daughter of the gentleman of the house; and though he gazed on her but a single moment, the kind look which she bestowed on him struck a chord in his heart, which until that moment had never vibrated.

"She is very lovely," he exclaimed, merrily—but she is the daughter of the great millionaire, she can be nothing to me."

He returned to the field in search of more fruit, but the remembrance of that sunny face attended him closely in his rambles.

"I am young," he continued to himself; "would I could make myself worthy of her! But then she is far above me; and thought though it did not banish the feeling—hush-ed it."

A week had passed; and the little strawberry boy, again stood with a palpitating heart at the rich man's door, his fruit was purchased as before, and he received his money from the white hand of the fair being whom, from the moment he saw her, he dared to love!

She spoke kindly to him and bade him come again.

He did not forget the order. He called again and again; but the season was ad-

vancing and the fruit had become a 'scarcity.'

"I shall not be able to bring you any more," he said one morning, "I am sorry, for it was a pleasure to call here. But we may meet hereafter."

The young heart which fluttered in the bosom of that lovely girl was touched at the musical; though somewhat melancholy tone in which this was uttered, and she replied that she would remember him. "We shall meet again, Miss, when I promise you, shall not be ashamed to acknowledge the poor strawberry boy."

She thought the language singular, but they parted.

* * * * *

Three years had elapsed. The tide of speculation which was then swelling in our country had not yet reached the flood—and the man of wealth with his beautiful daughter, rolled in his splendid carriage along Broadway, upon the fine Sabbath morning, on the way to Trinity Church; Charlotte was just turned to sixteen—and the bright lad was changing to the open man; she was fair, indeed!

The service had ended—the magnificent carriage stood at the Church door—the elegant caparisoned horses pawed the ground uneasily—he divested footman held the door and he wealthy merchant handed his lovely daughter into the coach, amid the low obsequies of her gay admirers.

Why does she not observe the homage of her thousand bitingly admirers?

A young plainly dressed stranger stands quietly at the side of the church door; and here, for an instant, is riveted on his features.

"Who can it be?" She remembers—no she cannot remember.

The carriage rolls slowly towards the stately mansion of the man of wealth, and he discovers an uncommon quietness in his daughter's demeanor.

"My dear child, you are not ill?"

"No, father, no—I am very well."

They arrived at the door; the stranger was there! They alighted; he extends a slight very slight but respectful bow to the heiress, and moves on.

A blushing tinge that bright cheek; she recognizes him.

Charlotte retired to her chamber; she was unhappy—but surely the stranger was nothing to her, or she to him?

* * * * *

"'Tis rolled on. It was the coldest night of the uncommon cold winter of '35; and memorable 16th of December. A fire had broke out in the evening, in one of the principal streets of the business part of the great commercial metropolis. It raged violently, and early on the morning of the succeeding day, a great portion of the city lay in ashes.

The rich merchant—as was his wont alighted from his carriage at the head of Wall street and saw the ruins. He hastened to the scene. Where was his store, his goods, his all? The smouldering ruins before him answered!

But he was insured. He should save something at least. His policies were looked after during the day—they had expired a week previously.

The millionaire was comparatively a stranger. He had a stout heart, though that rich poor man—and well he braved the storm. He found however that it would be necessary to break up his establishment at home, to meet some immediate pressing liabilities.

His furniture was sacrificed; his mansion was disposed of; his splendid horses and carriages were put into other hands; and even Jessie, Charlotte's coal black favorite, was doomed to pass from them, under the hammer!

But could not some friend be found who would purchase Jessie, and retain her until the fury of the blast passed?

No. Every body was poor, everybody had been ruined by the great fire—and no body had money. Besides, it was expensive keeping horses.

"Poor Jessie," sighed her mistress. "I hope she may fall into good hands."

But no body wanted Jessie—and she was thrown upon a stranger.

"Who did you say was the purchaser?" inquired Charlotte of her father.

"A Mr. Manly, I think," said the father.

And who was Mr. Manly? He was the poor strawberry boy.

"The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away."

* * * * *

"And thus the friends who hover near,
When fortune's sun is warm,

Are startled, if, a cloud appear,

And fly before the storm."

Another year had fled. Misfortune had followed in its course in rapid succession, and the revolution of '37 had finally reduced the man of wealth to bankruptcy. The following advertisement may be found in the papers of that day:

"Will be sold at public auction on Wednesday next, on the premises, the right of redemption of that 'beautiful' cottage, with about half an acre of land adjoining, laid out in a garden, well stocked with fruit trees and shrubbery, situated on the South side of State Island, and mortgaged to John Jacob A——, for the sum of ten thousand three hundred dollars, etc., etc.

Sale positive, title indisputable, possession given immediately, terms cash."

The rich man that was in vain appealed

to his sunshine friends for aid. They

must have security; the times were hard; they had lost a debt of money; people sometimes lived too fast, it wasn't their fault; very sorry but couldn't help him.

From bad to worse he had succeeded; and now reduced to the last extremity, he had retired to his beautiful retreat with the hope that rigid economy and fresh application to his mercantile affairs, would retrieve his rapidly sinking fortune.

But his star was descending, and his more lucky brethren forgot that he had been one of them. Unfortunately he had no security to offer, and the cottage was sold.

It was a bright day in Autumn, the purchaser gave notice that he would take possession forthwith.

* * * * *

And what was to become of his lovely child? His last home had been taken from him, the fair girl was motherless. The heart of the fond father m'st have given him when he received information that the premises must be immediately vacated. The daughter wept in silence upon the bosom of her affectionate and unhappy parent.

He had been a proud man, but his pride was now humble, and calmly he resigned himself to the stroke of affliction. He, too, wept. Of it was fearful to see the strong man weep!

But his troubles were more nearly at an end.

The day following that upon which the sale occurred, had well nigh sped. The afternoon was bright and balmy, and the father sat with his daughter, in the recess of the windows wh ch looked out upon the road. He had received a note from the purchaser of the cottage, informing him that he should call upon him in the afternoon for the purpose of examining the premises more fully than he had an opportunity of doing. They await his visit.

A steamer on horseback halted suddenly in front of the court yard gate, and turning the head of his black steed, he quietly alighted at the door.

The person whom you once knew only as the poor strawberry boy, as he took her extended hand.

"O, father," shouted Charlotte, forgetting for the moment her sorrows, "look! here is my darling Jessie, and— — a knock at the door called her at once to her recollection.

The door was opened by the once princely proprietor in L—— square. Before him stood a courteous looking young man, who inquired for Mr. S.

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THE POOR STRAWBERRY BOY.

AN ABOLITIONIST BITTEN.—We find the following in the last number of the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"A few months since, an Abolitionist of this city like many of his brethren, an ardent friend of the 'poor slave' when liberty can be made a source of profit, enticed a young negro man from his master in Kentucky, living a few miles back of Covington, and induced him to enter his service in this city as an apple pedlar. The slave was entrusted with a wagon and two horses, and in time was suffered to hawk his fruit about, insatiable by his new master, till he became tired of service, quite as laborious as that under the chain of Kentucky servitude, and the master, it is always tho' the rents in moral feeling, that our happiness owes out quickest."

Every hour that a man is in debt is a year spent in slavery. Your creditor is your master; it matters not whether a kind or a severe one; the sense of obligation you incur saps the feeling of manly independence, which is the first charm of youth; and believe me, it is always tho' the rents in moral feeling, that our happiness owes out quickest."

THE DIVORCE OF NAPOLEON.—At the conclusion of the mournful ceremony, which dissolved the bonds of which, had Josephine borne children, would have been indurable as their lives, the ex-Empress withdrew to his study, silent and sad. He threw himself on the sofa in a state of complete prostration. He remained there some moments, his head reclining on his hand, and when he rose his features were distorted. Orders had been previously given to proceed to Trianon. When it was announced to him that his carriages were ready, he took his hat, and said, "Meneval, come with me." I followed him by the winding staircase, which led from his study to the apartment of the Empress. That Princess was alone, and appeared to be overwhelmed with most painful reflections. At the noise caused by our entrance she quickly raised and threw herself sobbing on the Emperor's neck, who held her to his breast and embraced her several times, but overcome by her emotions, she fainted. I hastened to ring for assistance. The Emperor, wishing to avoid the renewal of a scene of grief which was not in his power, calmed her, and said, "It is not in my power to calm, but my duty to do so." He then sent for Meneval, who had entered the apartment, laid her on a couch

Jacksonville Republican.

Wednesday, Mar. 6, 1843.

Democratic Electoral Ticket.

RICHARD B. WALTHALL, of Perry.
DAVID HUBBARD, of Lawrence.
THOMAS S. MAX, of Montgomery.
DIXON H. HALL, of Autauga.
JOHN J. WINSTON, of Greene.
JOHN H. NOO, of Franklin.
JOSEPH P. FRAZIER, of Jackson.
WILLIAM B. MARTIN, of Benton.
WILLIAM R. HALLET, of Mobile.

We are authorised to announce
WILLIAM J. WILLIS, as a candidate for
Sheriff of Benton County.

We are authorised to announce
CALDWELL SOBLETT, as a candidate for
Sheriff of Benton County.

We are authorised to announce ASA
SKELETON, Esq., as a candidate for Sheriff
of Benton County.

THE WRITERS OF THE SOUTH WEST.—No. 1.

A. B. MEKK. I propose to give a brief sketch of some of the principal writers of the south-west. I use the term writers instead of authors, for few in any part of our country have made authorship a profession, and most of the contributions in the different departments of letters, have been made by men laboriously employed in the active business of life. It requires a bold and self-sacrificing spirit, patiently to suffer the martyrdom that awaits him who engages in the pursuit of literature for its own sake. It is truly a service without money, and without price. Genius and wealth are not often united, and hence, in order to gain a subsistence, our writers are generally compelled to enter upon the duties of a professional or mercantile life.

They then soon learn, that public opinion has set it down as an axiom, that the more a man knows of science and literature, the less knowledge he has of his own profession. He may spend night and day in any kind of dissipation suited to his taste, make every grocery in his neighborhood ring with his Bacchanalian shouts, and other improving and intellectual amusements of a like nature, with little injury to his reputation; but if it be once known that he cultivates any branch of general literature, especially poetry, he must bid adieu to all hopes of success in life. Poetry and nonsense are regarded as convertible terms; dunces pass him with a sneer and the half-uttered exclamation, "Yes I'd write poetry," maidens titter, unless perchance he may have indited sonnets to their eyebrows; old men shake their heads at him, and prefer to entrust their lives, fortunes and souls to some dull plodding machine, whom it would puzzle as much as it did Sir Henry in the Farce, if he were asked who wrote Shakespeare. The anecdote related of a certain preacher, will illustrate the taste of many at the present day. The good man knowing the great horrid audience he had of learning, commenced his discourse by observing that he entreated God, he read no books, that he had not read a common average in ten years, nor one single line in his Bible for the last six months! Such being the public taste, no wonder that the youthful poet soon turns away from the wells of literature, at which he may have knelt with enthusiastic devotion and love, and plunges into the busy thoroughfares of life, forgetting all the high and glorious visions that once flitted before his glistening eye, he becomes as dull, and plodding as those around him, until it may be said of him as Wordsworth does of Peter Bell,

"A prime by a river's side,
A yellow primrose—a to him,
And it was nothing more."

If on the other hand, the neophyte through poverty and woe, still struggles on with unweary ardor, fame if it come at all, comes only when he has been gathered to his fathers, and "his moulder bones, will not rattle with transport in their tomb" as the anthem of praise sweeps over it. Notwithstanding all these unfavorable circumstances, we have a few writers even in the south west, whose productions give evidence of the highest genius. In our own State, with perhaps the exception of a sister spirit, the Hon. A. B. Meek of Tuscaloosa, is the most extensively known to the readers of Southern literature. Numerous poetical effusions from his pen may be found in the *Maguilla*, lately published at Charleston and in the *Southern Literary Messenger* at Richmond, bearing witness, that they come from a man of genius. We have not space to enter into a critical analysis of his writings, but upon a general view of his Poems, we think we are justified in pronouncing Judge Meek, one of the best lyric poets of the South. Some of his minor poems bear evident marks of haste in their composition; but they everywhere show, a sensibility, a beauty, a sympathy with nature, both in her gayest and sadder hours, giving an ideal life to all her varied creations, out of the necessary attributes of the poetic mind. He looks with an eye of love upon the splendors of the starry night, upon the flowers "which are stars in the firmament of Earth," and also a higher power, before enters into the mysteries and passions of the human heart. His language is always descriptive and chaste, and sometimes possesses extraordinary beauty. Most of the poetic sketches which appear from our southern writers, although often exhibiting powers of imagination and fancy, are yet written without any knowledge of the rules of art. No Poetry has rules of its own, as inflexibly necessary as in any one of the fine arts, a knowledge of which is essential to success. Judge Meek's writings show, that he has carefully studied the laws of Rhythm, upon which the proportion of the harmony and smoothness of verse depends.

We are happy to learn, that he has been in preparation a work which will shortly be published entitled "The Red Eagle" or the

Restriction of Fort Meek, a Poem of Alabama" founded on the incidents of the Creek war of 1842. This will be the most extended work he has yet attempted. He possesses many advantages for the successful accomplishment of such an undertaking, aside from his general capabilities as an author. He is minutely acquainted with every portion of the history of the south west, with all the Indian legends and traditions of early times, and with the thrilling and adventurous exploits of a border warfare. The only objection, it strikes us to the subject is, that the scene is laid too near the present. As we look upon the past, all that is prosaic and common-place is lost in the dim mists of antiquity, we see only the bright and picturesque features in the shadowy distance; but with the present we stand too near, we see too much of the real. Yet after all, this is scarcely a fair objection, for to the Poet all things are poetical. It is the business of an artist to separate the ideal from the real. His task it is, more difficult when treating of the present than the past. In the latter case the work is already done by the hand of time; in the former it must be accomplished by the hand of genius. We expect much from the forthcoming Romance and I have no doubt it will place Judge Meek in the first rank of American Poets.

Mr. Meek's contributions to letters have not been confined to verse. He is equally successful in prose. Nobly and eloquently in his Address before the Literary Society of La Grange College, did he plead the cause of Literature and the Arts. Rarely has such a voice been heard in the South. Never did the cause of Letters, of Poetry, of Truth, have a better advocate. To his aid did he bring the wisdom and learning of the past and the present, and philosophical and able has been the source of a nation's happiness and glory. Throughout his style is chaste and elegant, with occasional passages of rare beauty and eloquence which sparkle like gems in the crown of angels.

In his "sketches of the South West" Judge Meek exhibits the most accurate and profound knowledge of the early history of this section of our country, the chivalric and thrilling expedition of De Soto and Bienville, which form the most romantic portion of our country's history. Brancroft, the historian acknowledges the assistance he had derived from the labours of Judge Meek in this portion of his work. He is yet young, and has a beautiful and pleasant field before him. Let him go in his high vocation, his labours will not be unrewarded. Should he now fling his harp upon the waters of dark oblivion? how many gentle hearts would mourn, that its tone of sweetest melody were no longer borne to their ears. To use his own thought when speaking of a kindred spirit I would bid him God speed, in the bright path which opens before him. And in the end, the fingers of love and beauty shall weave with the aids of buring light, a never winking wreath to bind around the brow of the minstrel of the South.

LATE FROM TEXAS.

The steamer New York arrived at New Orleans on Wednesday, with dates from Galveston on the 17th inst.

The following from the Houston Democrat, throws some doubt on the recent news which we extricated recently from the New Orleans Republican. That account was given with so many particulars that we were disposed to credit it.

THE EXTRA. The glorious news promulgated through an extra of the *Telegraph* appears to have produced quite a sensation throughout the country. Unfortunately, however, the whole story proves to be a hoax. The joyous smiles of Gen. McPherson, the unshorned arms of American troops sparkling in the waters of Naples, were too much for us; and we freely confess, that we ourselves came very high being caught as well as others. Gen. Murphy appears to enjoy the joke exceedingly, his joyous smile have expanded into a regular horse laugh.

Editor American.

The following anti-slavery resolutions, drawn up by DANIEL WEBSTER in his better days contain a fund of truth:

Resolved. That we have regarded with pleasure the establishment and success of manufactures among us, and consider their growth, when natural and spontaneous, and not the effect of a system of levies and protection, as an evidence of general wealth and prosperity.

Resolved. That high notaries on such domestic manufactures as are privately kept but that high taylor GREAT CAPITALISTS, RATHER THAN PERSONAL INDUSTRY or the OWNERS OF SMALL CAPITALS, and therefore that we do not perceive its tendency to promote national industry.

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Resolved. That the importation of slaves which now are enormous, and decayed by a large portion of the people to be unequal and unjust, is dangerous as it encourages the practice of *slavery*.

The Commercial department of the New York Republic, Duff Green's paper, is edited by Mr. Ketell, formerly of New York Herald. From the last number, we extract the following:

The peculiarity of the cotton and money market causes a great deal of anxiety in relation to the probable course of cotton. Since September, the cotton has been coming forward, and the amount of cotton continually swelling, has been constantly drawing funds to hold it. The stretch now on hand in the whole United States is not far from \$500,000,000, worth \$20,000,000. This cotton is held by money borrowed mostly in New York, on arrangements for four months, probably the average is three months from this date. The absorption of this amount of money has caused the rate to rise from 1 to 6 and 7 per cent., showing that nearly all the idle capital has been

taken up, and the usual rate is again obtained. At the same time, the supply of exchanges has been so short, that some of the Banks and houses have supplied the market at 40 to 91 1/4 per cent. on their own credits, hoping to buy the bills in low, when cotton should move forward. Now, cotton has not gone forward so soon as expected, and the time is approaching when remittances must be made, as well to cover these credits as to pay for spring imports. From this cause there will be an additional demand for money. Now, in this position, the safety of the present holders of cotton depends in a degree, upon the ability to hold or keep back from market the receipts for the next 60 days. From the 24th of Jan. to the 1st of March, last year, the receipts were 449,290 bales, nearly equal to the whole stock now held. The receipt this year, in the same time, will probably be 360,000 bales worth \$15,440,000. It is evident from the state of the money market now, that much of this cannot be held; and the holders of the present cotton must keep it over to July and August, or occasion a heavy fall in the article in the months of March and April. The ability to hold longer than the 1st of May, will depend upon the demand of money for business purposes, and the extent of the remittances abroad. The Banks can very easily spare \$2,000,000; but the actual shipment of \$2,400,000 will produce a feeling adverse to the holding of cotton and compel forced sales. The probability is, from the known disposition of speculators, they will not sell until forced to by a stringent market.

We extract below a portion of Mr. Rhett's eloquent speech on the right of petition. It is a speech of a very high order of merit, and places Mr. Rhett among those statesmen who have reflected so much lustre upon the state of his birth.

"For six years this course of aggression has been going on, gathering strength in the north, and gaining foothold on this floor; and when it will end, the great Ruler of Events alone can tell. But in this state of things, I cannot imitate the example of those who have dealt so elaborately in professions of attachment to the Union. My sincerity and frankness might both justly be suspected; for it is not the nature of insult and oppression to produce attachment and admiration. The south speak not. Her people are mute at these transactions; but they are not indifferent. The agitations at the north against her institutions by their people and state legislatures gathering in strength, and increasing in boldness, setting aside the Constitution, and endangering the Union itself—is a awakening a corresponding spirit in the south, of defiance and discontent. Sir, I doubt not that gentlemen have truly expressed their opinions in all they have said, of the attachment of the people of the north to the Union. I may doubt the correctness of their information, but I do not doubt their sincerity. It would be trifling with the subject on our part—it would be inconsistent with that frankness which should characterize the relations of members on this floor, if I did not declare, that in consequence of the proceedings of fanatics in and out of congress, there is in the south, a deep and growing disaffection to the Union. Instead of encouraging equal rights in this Confederacy, they see the taxing power of the Government wielded for the aggardment of the rest. Instead of protection and sympathy between the members of the Union, they see their institutions wantonly assailed, their peace endangered, and their personal, social, and political characteristics asperged, belied, and denounced. And these evils of their condition, have increased, is increasing, and, I fear, are destined to go on. Events are in the hands of none; but our course of duty is under the control of all. The south will remain as she has always been, on the defensive—insuring, violating, the rights of no portion of the Union, but ever prepared to maintain her own. Her destiny is in her own hands—above the control, if true to herself, of men here, or states elsewhere. She must not look to the power or sympathy of others for support or aid—Self-protection will be her only protection.

"The convention denounces the democrats with much bitterness, as having taken a bold and main ground against the schemes of the abolitionists, while the Clay whigs were seated for their doubling-dealing. During this scene the Clay whigs present looked white as death on a pale horse."

This convention may be regarded as a movement of importance. It is now probable that the abolitionists will vote their whole ticket in Ohio. If so, this diversion of a large body of electors, who voted for Harrison in 1840, will give but a faint hope for Mr. Clay in that State. There are from ten to twelve thousand voting abolitionists in Ohio, and it is manifest that they hold the balance of power in a closely contested election.

We trust that this equivalent will be tendered and that it will be maintained.

The beautiful and romantic village of Portland, Maine, is just now the scene of a tremendous excitement on the subject of Millerism, which is almost too monstrous for belief. The Bulletin thus speaks of the proceeding there:

Some of the master spirits in Boston, Eld. Hawley among others, seem inclined to put off the grand explosion for *seventy years* (!) but such dilatory measures will not do for the devotees who observe their orgies at the Bethoven Hall, in this city.

We understand that they have lately imported from the City of Notions, as their *Brian de Bois Guibel*, an ebony specimen of the genus homo—a real southern *sambu*, who, like the knights and squires of old, can neither read, write or cipher; but for all this he has a powerful influence on the rank and file, can work them up into perfect fury, or allay their passions, at his will; a fit leader for the grand enterprise of the Millers.

Judd has absconded, and it is said, has gone to New Brunswick (N. Y.)

Thanks to the press, he cannot go to any city, town or village in the Union to which the certificate of his infamy will not follow him. We call upon the press every where to set its brand upon him, that where ever he journeys he may be avoided with as much horror as if he bore the mark of Cain. The Brooklyn papers should publish a minute description of his person, so that he may be readily recognised.

Some of the seducers of his vileness was the disclosure of the seduction of his servant, an orphan, whom he had pressed by indenture from the *Orphan Asylum*. His wife—for he is a married man—was so distressed that he was obliged to call in medical aid, and he informed the physician that "she was overcome with great enjoyment of religious feelings."

But this affair, bad as it is, may be termed almost trivial in comparison of the horrible atrocities with which he is charged. The victim in this instance was of an age capable of judging between right and wrong, and could comprehend the enormity of the offence she committed. But, if the allegation in the Brooklyn papers are correct, this incarnate fiend has been guilty of the most revolting conduct toward the female children who frequented his school, and it is said that many parents are almost heart-broken at the horrors inflicted on their little daughters.

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OUTRAGE BY A BRITISH VESSEL OF WAR.

The brig John M. Clayton Captain Moore, which arrived at New Orleans last Friday, from Barbadoes reports that she was chased and fired into three times by a British war schooner, on the 1st inst., and afterward boarded and searched. A detailed account of this outrage as set out in the log-book of the Clayton, is published in the N. O. Bulletin as follows—*Mo. Advertiser.*

On the passage from Barbadoes to New Orleans on the 1st inst., at 2 o'clock P. M., in lat. 13° 30' lon. 61°, it blowing a good breeze at the time, and having all sail set, by the wind, a British Man-of-war schooner said to be the Hornet, bore in sight, and fired a gun for us to come to. We immediately hoisted the American ensign and kept on our course. She then fired a second and the shot fell short, which we paid no notice to. A third shot was fired, which passed over our stern—the fourth passed between our fore and mainmast. The brig was then hoisted with the ensign still flying at the gaff, and the schooner came alongside, and lowered a boat, in which was an officer and five men who came on board and overhanded our papers and manifest, and also the hole of the vessel. We were then permitted to proceed on our voyage, the officer stating as he was leaving, that he came high firing into the brig.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.—The greatest men are often affected with the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. A gentleman of considerable celebrity always feels secure against the cramp when he places his shoes, on his going to bed, so that the right shoe is on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. Dr. Johnson always, on going up Bolt Court, put one foot on each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain that the day would be unlucky.—Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose with his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could not make a sermon with his garters on. A great German critic wrote his commentaries on Sophocles, with a pot of porter by his side. Sophocles lectured at the age of seventy-two, in Latin, with a snuff box constantly in his hands.—*N. Y. Bulletin.*

From the Farmer's Journal, CABBAGE HEADS FROM STUMPS.

Friend Cole.—I do not know all what your Boston gardeners are up to, but I do know, that if cabbage stumps of any variety are set out in the spring in good order that one, two, or three, or even four good sound heads will grow on them—and this they will do year after year, until they die by accident.

They are managed in the following manner: When the upper, narrow *leaved* ones, which would bear seed, are carefully rubbed off, and likewise all the lower *round leaved* ones, which will form heads except the number the strength of the stump and soil are capable of bringing to perfection.

At our cattle show last week, Mr. John Drew presented several such stumps, with one four heads of Dutch cabbage on each, which have borne for three years. He sets them out in earth in the collar in autumn, cuts off the heads when required for use, and places them pretty thick in the garden in the spring. The labor is trifling, cut worm gives no trouble and the crop are abundant.

JAMES BATES.

We mentioned a few days ago that a company of English manufacturers had purchased a large tract of land in South Carolina, with a view of establishing large manufactures. We now find it situated in the Charleston Courier, that "Mr. James Edward Calhoun has sold his lands in Abbeville District, for \$60,000, to an English manufacturing company, who will a capital of many millions, and are to remove a large portion of it to this country."

Nash. Whig.

SAFE EITHER WAY.—At the commencement of the memorable struggle of 1843, the Russians are reported to have announced, to Bonyport the neutrality of their empire, if you "say so," come to us with a small army, we shall overpower you; if you come to us with a large one, we will overpower you yourselves.

The first peaceful situation for the longest man, is where he cannot recognize the friends of his friends with his conscience.

By the President of the United States.

In pursuance of the provisions of a Treaty between the United States and the Chickasaw Indians, made and concluded at Pontotoc Creek, on the twenty-eighth day of October, 1832, and of the supplementary and explanatory articles thereto, made and concluded on the twenty-second day of the same month; and, also, of the Treaty between the United States and the Chickasaw Indians, made and concluded at the City of Washington on the twenty-fourth day of May, 1842;

J. JOHN TYLER, President of the United States, do hereby declare and make known, that a public sale for the disposal of the lands ceded to the United States by the said Indians, as are hereinafter described, shall be held at the Land Office at PONTOOTOC, in Mississippi, on the second Monday in May next.

East of the Chickasaw Meridian.

Township fourteen & fractional township fifteen, of range one, east.

Section thirty-four, in township one, of range two, east.

Section six, in township six, of range two, east.

Fractional township sixteen, of range two, east—except the north fractions of sections one, two, three and four, and fractional sections five and six.

Fractional township seventeen, of range two, east.

Fractional townships sixteen and seventeen, of range three, east.

Section eighteen, in township seven, of range four, east.

East half of section twenty-two, in township ten, of range four, east.

Section five, in township eight of range five, east.

Section thirty-three, in township eleven, of range six, east.

Sections twenty-three and twenty-six, in township four, of range seven, east.

Section thirty-six, in township seven, of range seven, east.

Section twenty-three, in township ten, of range seven, east.

Sections five, six and seven, in township eleven, of range seven, east.

South half of section nine, in township thirteen, of range seven, east.

Section twenty-five, in township fifteen, of range seven, east.

East half of section nineteen, and sections twenty, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty-three, thirty-five, and thirty-six, in township eleven, of range eight, east.

Sections three and twenty-four, in township three, of range ten, east.

West of the Chickasaw Meridian.

West half of section five, in township three, of range one, west.

West half of section thirty-two, in township two, of range three, west.

Section thirty-two, in township three, of range four, west.

North half of section one, north fraction of section twenty-five, and section thirty-four, in township six, of range four, west.

Section fourteen, in township eight, of range four, west.

Sections twenty-five and thirty-six, in township four, of range five, west.

Section nine, in township seven, of range five, west.

North half of section eighteen, and section twenty-nine, in township eight, of range five, west.

Sections twenty-three and twenty-four, in township nine, of range five, west.

Section eleven, in township nine, of range six, west.

Sections one, two and three, south half of section seven, west half of section eight, and sections nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four and thirty-five, in township ten, of range six, west.

Sections four and fifteen, and fractional sections nineteen and twenty-nine, in township eleven, of range six, west.

Sections thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, thirty-three and thirty-four, in township eleven, of range seven, west.

Section two, north half of (lots A, B, C, F, G,) of section four, and fractional sections five and fourteen, in township eleven, of range seven, west.

Section two, and fractional sections six, seven and thirty-six, in township ten, of range eight, west.

Sections fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, twenty-three, twenty-six, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-five, and thirty-six, in township four, of range nine, west.

Sections thirty and thirty-one, in township seven, of range nine, west.

Section twelve, in township eight, of range nine, west.

Fractional section thirty-five, in township nine, of range nine, west.

Sections twenty-six, twenty-seven, and thirty-five, in township four, of range ten, west.

Sections six, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen and fourteen, in township eight, of range ten, west.

Sections four, five, six, seven, eight, seventeen, twenty-three, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-three and thirty-four, in township four, of range twelve, west.

South-west quarter of fractional section nine, in township four, of range twelve, west.

Sections one, two, nine, ten, eleven, fifteen, and fractional section twenty-two, in township seven, of range twelve, west.

West of the Meridian of Huntsville, in Alabama.

Fractional section eight, in township three, of range thirteen, west.

Fractional section one, in township four of range thirteen; west; except lot A.

Section twenty-four, in township five, of range fifteen, west.

East of the Choctaw Meridian.

Township twenty-five, range five east—except west half of section three, north east quarter section four, east half section ten, south west quarter section eleven, south half section twelve, west half and south east quarter section thirteen, and north half and south east quarter section fourteen.

Township twenty-four, of range six, east—except east half and north west quarter section three, and north east quarter section four.

Township twenty-five, of range six, east—except west half section two, north east quarter section three, north east quarter section eight, east half and south west quarter section ten, west half section eleven, west half section fourteen, east half section seventeen, south east quarter and north west quarter section nineteen, south half and north east quarter section twenty, north west quarter section twenty-one, north west quarter and south east quarter section twenty-three, south half, section twenty-four, north half section twenty-five, north east quarter section twenty-six, north half and south east quarter section twenty-nine, section thirty, north east quarter section thirty-two, section thirty-three, east half and south west quarter section thirty-four.

Townships twenty-three and twenty-four, of range seven, east.

Township twenty-five, of range seven, east—except west half section one, north east quarter section two, north half section three, south half section four, north half section eight, north half section nine, south east quarter section eighteen, south half and north east quarter section nineteen, north west quarter section thirty.

Townships twenty-three and twenty-four, of range eight, east.

Township twenty-three, in township eleven, of range three, east.

Section eighteen, in township seven, of range four, east.

Sections five, six and seven, in township eleven, of range seven, east.

South half of section nine, in township thirteen, of range seven, east.

Section twenty-five, in township fifteen, of range seven, east.

East half of section twenty-two, in township ten, of range four, east.

Sections three and twenty-four, in township three, of range ten, east.

West of the Chickasaw Meridian.

West half of section five, in township three, of range one, west.

West half of section thirty-two, in township two, of range three, west.

Section thirty-two, in township three, of range four, west.

North half of section one, north fraction of section twenty-five, and section thirty-four, in township six, of range four, west.

Section fourteen, in township eight, of range four, west.

Sections twenty-five and thirty-six, in township four, of range five, west.

Section nine, in township seven, of range five, west.

North half of section eighteen, and section twenty-nine, in township eight, of range five, west.

Sections twenty-three and twenty-four, in township nine, of range five, west.

Section eleven, in township nine, of range six, west.

Sections one, two and three, south half of section seven, west half of section eight, and sections nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four and thirty-five, in township ten, of range six, west.

Sections thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, thirty-three and thirty-four, in township eleven, of range seven, west.

Section two, north half of (lots A, B, C, F, G,) of section four, and fractional sections five and fourteen, in township eleven, of range seven, west.

Section two, and fractional sections six, seven and thirty-six, in township ten, of range eight, west.

Sections fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, twenty-three, twenty-six, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-five, and thirty-six, in township four, of range nine, west.

Sections six, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen and fourteen, in township eight, of range ten, west.

Sections four, five, six, seven, eight, seventeen, twenty-three, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-three and thirty-four, in township four, of range twelve, west.

South-west quarter of fractional section nine, in township four, of range twelve, west.

Sections one, two, nine, ten, eleven, fifteen, and fractional section twenty-two, in township seven, of range twelve, west.

West of Huntsville, in Alabama.

Section sixteen, in townships four, five, six, and seven, of range thirteen, west.

Section sixteen, in townships two, three five, six, seven, eight and nine, of range fourteen, west.

Section sixteen, in townships three, five, six, seven, eight, nine and ten, of range fifteen, west.

The lands selected as reservations, under the provisions of the said treaties, are to be excluded from the sale, which is to continue open for two weeks, and no longer.

The lands will be offered in quarter sections, and fractional quarter sections, where such exist.

Given under my hand, at the city of Washington, this twentieth day of January, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

JOHN TYLER.
By the President:
T. H. BLAKE,
Commissioner of the
General Land Office.

EDUCATION.

"Cane Creek Male and Female Academy,"—a few miles south of Jacksonville, Benton County Ala. will again be opened for the reception of Pupils on the first Monday of February next, under the direction of J. M. Burt and Lady. The Male and Female Departments, in this school, will be entirely distinct. The Teachers of this Institution will spare no pains to promote the intellectual and moral welfare of each student committed to their charge.

Having been long engaged in Teaching, as a Profession, they would solicit a share of the Patronage of an enlightened community. The Academy is located in a very healthy and fertile section of country. Board can be obtained in the vicinity of the Academy, at from 5 to 8 per month, and perhaps cheaper. The Rates of Tuition in this Academy are exceedingly low.

First class, including Orthography, Reading, and Writing, per session of five months, \$6 00

2d. Geography, Grammar, mental, and Practical Arithmetic, History, Chemistry, Botany, Natural, Moral and Mental Philosophy, \$10 00

3d. The higher Branches of Mathematics and the Languages. \$12 00

Music on the Piano, extra, \$12 00
Use of Instruments, \$4 00

Tuition to be paid at the end of each session, by all those who do not become regular subscribers to the school.

JAMES M. BURT.
Jan. 3. 1843.

CUMBERLAND COLLEGE,
PRINCETON KENTUCKY.

This Institution has just commenced its thirty-fourth Session with promising prospects. The following gentlemen compose the Faculty:

Rev. RICHARD BEARD, D. D. President, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Sciences and Belles-lettres.

Rev. F. C. USHER, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages.

Rev. J. G. BIDDLE, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Princeton is a healthy and pleasant Village. The College is situated one mile from town. The water is excellent and unfailing. Boarding can be had in town or in the immediate vicinity of the College, at \$15 per week, including washing. Students are expected to room in the College building.

The price of Tuition in the College proper is \$20 per session of five months. In the preparatory department from 8 to 15 dollars, according to the grade of studies.

It is the intention of the Trustees to procure other Professors and a competent preparatory teacher as soon as the necessities of the Institution require it.

The Faculty pledge themselves to make the course of instruction extensive and thorough. The government of the Institution will be strict but parental. Every necessary attention will be rendered to secure the health and comfort of pupils.

Princeton, Ky. Oct. 1845.

William B. Martin

AND
R. G. Earle,

Thankful for the patronage heretofore extended to them individually, would beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally that they have associated in the practice of the Law in the firm name of MARTIN & EARLE. Professional business intrusted to their care will meet with prompt attention.

Office at Jacksonville, Benton Co. Ala. the same formerly occupied by Wm. B. Martin.

Nov. 8, 1843.—tf.

NOTICE.
THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he still continues to keep a

House of Entertainment in the Town of Jacksonville, Benton county, Alabama, at the same stand, on the N. E. corner of the public square, where he expects to remain permanently—and feels confident from past experience, that he will be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call.

Aaron Haynes.

TAX COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I will sell, on Tuesday the 15th day of April next, to the highest bidder, for cash, before the Court-house door in the town of Jacksonville, a tract or parcel of land, known and described as the north east fourth of the north west fourth of section 30, township 18, Range 7, containing 40 acres, as the property of — Willingham, to pay the tax due for the year 1842. The tract is appraised at one hundred dollars; tax fifteen cents.

(True copy)
M. M. Hosuton, Clk.
Feb. 21, 1844.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WE take this method to inform the Planters and others interested in the **Storage of Cotton**, that the **WAREHOUSE** we had built on Col. Griffin's wharf is above high water mark from any freshet since the foundation of this city, and the late freshet was not near any Cotton in our House or care. We consider it fire-proof as well as water-proof, being unconnected with the buildings of the city—the whole city might burn up and the cotton in our Store would be safe. No Drayage in shipping from our Ware-House, and but little Wharfage to those that do business with us. If close attention and exertions to give satisfaction will be of any avail to those that patronize us, we pledge ourselves to advance as far as possible their interests.

We are prepared to make liberal advances on all Cotton in Store, or that is shipped to our friends in Mobile or New Orleans.

TOTTY & BEALL.
Wetumpka, Jan. 26th, 1844.—tf.

BOOK-BINDERY,

Main St., opposite the Bell Tavern, Tuscaloosa.

The undersigned respectfully inform the citizens of Tuscaloosa and adjoining counties, that they are prepared to execute all orders in the above business, and will endeavor to give satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage.

Terms, low as possible—work warranted.

File

TW A GO WOMAN IN A GOING

JACKSONVILLE DAILY REPUBLICAN.

Vol. 8.—No. 10.

JACKSONVILLE, AIA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH

13, 1844.

Whole No. 374.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
J. F. GRANT,
At \$2 50 advance, or \$3 00 at the end of the year.
No subscription will be received for less than a year, unless
otherwise agreed. Subscriptions will be discontinued until
all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor.
A failure to give notice at the end of the year of a wish
to discontinue, will be considered an engagement, for the
next year.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertised in 12 lines or less, \$1 00 for the
first insertion and 50 cents for each successive.
Over 12 lines counted as two squares, over 24 as three, &c.

Irregular insertions charged one dollar per square
for each insertion.

All personal advertisements and communications
charged at the foregoing rates.

Job work and advertising must be paid for in advance;
and interest will be invariably charged upon all accounts
from the time they are due until paid.

Advertisements handed in without directions as to
the number of insertions, will be published until forbid
and charged accordingly.

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements
inserted for six or twelve months.

For announcing candidates \$3 00, invariably in ad-
vance.

For inserting circulars, &c. of candidates, 50 cents
per square.

Advertisers must be PAID all letters addressed
to the Editor on business.

THE MOTHERLESS.

The following is one of the most touchingly
beautiful things we have ever read. The
whole scene is one of exquisite tenderness,
and its beauty lies in its entire truthfulness.
There is no attempt, no effort to make, grief
—what is written, is written because it was
felt—because the heart was full, and was
relieved by utterance. It is real, not invented.
None can doubt this in the language
of a husband and a father, with a spirit
stricken by the loss of one fondly loved as
a wife, and as the mother of his precious
ones. How full of nature is the third verse!
how like what we would look for—and
how beautiful the fourth.—Lynchburg Virginian.

You're weary, precious ones! your eyes

Are wandering far and wide;

Think ye of her, who knew so well

Your tender thoughts to guide;

Who could to Wisdom's sacred lord

Your fixed attention claim?

Ah! never from your hearts erase!

That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,

My youngest infant dove!

Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,

And learn the lay of love;

My sheltering arms can clasp you all,

My poor deserved strong!

Cling as you used to cling to her

Who sings the angels' song.

Begin, sweet birds! the accustomed strain,

Come, warble loud and clear;

Alas! alas! you're weeping all,

You're sobbing in my ear!

Good night—Go say the prayer she taught

Beside your little bed,

The lips that used to bless you there

Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide,

Amid the thorns of life;

His care protect those shrinking plants;

That dread the streams of strife;

But who upon your infant hearts.

Shall like the mother write?

Who touch the strings that rule the soul?

Dear, smitten flock!—Good night.

(From the Portland Tribune.)

I LOVE THE MAN.

I love the man who calmly rests

When wealth and friends are flown,

Who peace and love, those heavenly guests,

Securely makes his own;

Who never looks to earth for bliss,

What treasures in the skies;

To whom keen sorrow's dark abyss

Brings no depressive sighs.

I love a man who kindly bears

The haughty tyrants frown;

Alike to friend and foe he wears

The look of calm renown.

The proud contempt, the graceless slight,

Do not affect his soul;

He's firmer in the truth and right

As passion's billows roll.

I love the man who freely gives,

As Heaven has blest his store,

Who shares the gifts that he receives

With those who need them more;

Whose melting heart with pity moves

O'er sorrow and distress,

Of all his friends, who mostly loves,

The poor—the fatherless.

I love the man who scorns to be

To name; or, as a slave—

Whose soul is like the sunshine, free—

Free as the ocean wave.

Who when he sees oppression—wrong—

Speaks out in thunder-tones—

Who feels with truth that he is strong

To grapple e'en with thrones.

I love the man who shuns to do

An action mean or low—

Who will a noble cause pursue

To stranger, friend or foe—

Who seeks for justice, not for gain—

Is merciful and kind—

Who ne'er will give a needless pain,

In body or in mind;

Who is the soul of a good man,

I love the man whose only boast

Is wisdom, virtue, right—

Who's honor a blight—

Who ne'er evades by look or sigh,

In every place the man to love—

Who thinks the stories are true—

Which cluster round his name.

CONDITION AND FATE OF ENGLAND.

There is a nation whose banner is
unfurled in every sunbeam that flashes from
the heavens—whose vessels whiten every sea—
whose gigantic step has pressed the
sands of every ocean—whose cannon look
into every port; and whose name strikes
terror to the hearts of one hundred and fifty
millions of people. This nation exists on
an island not larger than New York—but
there she has concentrated all that is fear-
ful in war or beautiful in peace—all that
is splendid in art or magnificent in intellect,
and before her *dicta* bows down the world
of mind with a servility as soul crushing
and absolute as ever degraded an oriental
devotee before the sacrificial altar. This
nation has thrown her colossal shadow from
the burning plains of India to the forest of
Nova Scotia; Asia, Africa, Europe and Amer-
ica, have trembled beneath her tread, and her thunders have shook the world. Her regular income would build cities—her
navy, if four miles apart, would reach from
Liverpool to New York—the price paid for
her nobleman's luxuries would relieve the
hunger of two millions of people, and the
salary received by her clergy would in a
few years, put the Bible into the hands of
every being alive.

Such is her power! How has she gained
it? Let the millions speak who are cry-
ing for bread in her domains! Let the thou-
sands upon thousands answer, whose wealth
has been subsidized—whose children have
been enslaved, & whose governments have
been subverted to swell a power already
unwieldy from gluttony—holy with age,
and bloody with crime.

No means has this nation spared to ren-
der herself the tyrant of the universe. Un-
furling the banners of Christianity, she
has, in their shadow, committed deeds which
are crying to heaven for vengeance. Hold-
ing up the cross, and pretending to follow the
precepts of the meek and lowly Christ, she
has battered an army of priests on the
blood and tears of millions.

Preaching liberty she has bound myriads
in chains, which, but a short time since,
could defy the very earthquake; and saw a
privileged class rioting over the heads of
her subjects.

Bounding of morality, she has smiled on
crimes which have rendered whole countries
black accidéncias of woe, despair and
ruin.

Thus sits that nation—her nobles protec-
ted by a system of oppression which time
has erected, and her throne guarded by
swords, whose concentrated flashes would
throw a dimness on noon day: Already has

breasted a thousand tears

The battle on the breeze!

and the Queen, and the nobles, and capital-
ists, and the clergy, and the army, suppose
the reign of this nation to be eternal. Are
they correct? If so, crime and lust and
despotism are the deities of this world, and
we might as well bow at once, before their
disgusting altars, and shout peans in their
bloodstained temples.

But their reign must come to an end.—
Vice bears the seeds of death in its own
bosom—the very fires which produced the
volcano, exhaust it, and a mountain of
harmless ashes are seen where a flame
darted forth to destroy all which man should
disgust, altars, and shout peans in their

the red cross.

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the red cross.

Thus sits that nation—her nobles protec-
ted by a system of oppression which time
has erected, and her throne guarded by
swords, whose concentrated flashes would
throw a dimness on noon day: Already has

breasted a thousand tears

The battle on the breeze!

and the Queen, and the nobles, and capital-
ists, and the clergy, and the army, suppose
the reign of this nation to be eternal. Are
they correct? If so, crime and lust and
despotism are the deities of this world, and
we might as well bow at once, before their
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have maps and books at hand, with power-
ful telescopes. As soon as a fire takes place
they examine the spot with their glasses,
and are able to distinguish the very house
which is burning. They then look at
their books and learn whose it is. They
fire is on a piece of paper, fasten it
round a bullet, and throw it down a tube
to a person stationed below. The informa-
tion is then known to all whom it con-
cerns, and no time is lost by the firemen
in reaching the place of conflagration.

Written for "The Spartan."
FANNY WILMOT,
OR, THE MAIDEN OF THE WHITE
COTTAGE.

—Methought she had been sent to bless
The thorny paths of earth,
And teach the flowers their loveliness,
Which with herself had birth.

Towards the close of a sultry summer's day,
a solitary traveller, weary and way-
worn, with a fatiguing ride of many miles,
came to a point where the road forked,
being a stranger to the country, and not
knowing whither to direct his way to attain
a place of stoppage, determined to trust
to the sagacity of his horse; giving it
the rein, the animal steadily pursued the
path that lay before it; scarce a mile
had been traversed, when the traveller was
agreedly surprised by the appearance of a
beautiful cottage, o'er the white porch of
which the rose and jasmine were blen-
ding their sweets, and all around breathing
an air of comfort and civilization, that was
indeed refreshing to the eye. Arriving at
the little wicket, he stopped and gazed, en-
chanted on the scene, o'er which the mellow
rays of twilight were casting a soft and
hollow light; whilst thus engaged, his
ears caught the strain of a sweet and flute-
like female voice, pouring forth a vesper
hymn of praise to her Creator; aroused by
this from the reverie into which he had fallen,
he immediately dismounted, and enter-
ing the parterre, tastefully laid out in front
of the cottage, he made his way to the
porch, where he knocked loudly, when a
young girl with the rose of sixteen sum-
mers blooming on a cheek rich loveliness
of expression, and returning the sal-
ute of the stranger with an ease of grace
and dignity demanded in a low, soft voice,
what he required? He respectfully an-
nounced that he had lost his way, and the
country being unfamiliar to him, begged
that she would allow him a night's lodging;
this she readily assented, ushering him into
a readily furnished parlor, redolent with
the sweets of the garden; here he left him
to apprise her family of the new comer.
His eyes followed her retreating form as she
glided from his view, and for a time it seemed
to him that she was on some enchanted
spot, and the being he had just seen

stage for the home of Langdon. Mr. Wilmet, after seeing Fanny comfortably settled, Langdon being engaged in a thriving mercantile business, turned his face homeward with his daughters, who were now to supply to him. Fanny's loss; once more taking leave of his native city, the visit to which had recalled many sensations, both painful and pleasant.

Several years after these events was gathered a similar group on the porch of the "White Cottage" to the one assembled there, the first night that the Stranger stopped; but some who had been there then were now missing; another grave was resting in the pines. Mr. Wilmet's spirit had joined his wife, and their mortal remains were lying side-by-side. He lived, however, to see his children happily settled; his daughters, who were two, besides Fanny, married well; the youngest, like Fanny, found a home, distant from her Father's, the other still continued at the Cottage. It was herself and husband, Fanny and Langdon, with their children, of whom there were several, that now composed the group upon the porch. Silence reigned amongst them for some moments, as though each one was recalling the past, when Langdon turning to Fanny, said—

"Do you remember, Fanny, the hymn that you were singing the first evening that I broke upon your solitude, requesting a night's lodging as a lost traveller?"

With a countenance expressively reflecting the vaived memories of the recalled past, Fanny gently replied—

"Do, too, indelibly impressed, is it upon my mind ever to be effaced?"

"Will you then sing it for me, dearest?"

perhaps it may be the last time you may ever warble it here, as we must leave for our home on the morrow?" affectionately added Langdon. Fanny readily assented, and soon the rich tones of her plaintive voice floated on the evening breeze in the following beautiful verses—

"Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord I would commune with thee!

Thou whose all pervading eye,
Nought escapes, without, within?
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

Thou, who sinless yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thy eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye."

All listened with breathless attention to the sweet songstress, and the moist eyes told that their hearts were touched with the thrilling notes! Langdon gazed with rapture at his still beautiful wife, as she sung; never had she appeared more lovely to his eyes, and as the last tones of her voice died away, he could no longer restrain his enthusiasm, passionately exclaiming—

"Am I not a happy man! blest, ay, blest be the hour when first I beheld the light from the bright, dovelike eye of the Maiden of the White Cottage."

Excuse for not going to Church.—There is no excuse so trivial, that will not pass upon some men's conscience to excuse their attendance at the public worship of God. Some are so unfortunate as to be indisposed on the Lord's day, and think nothing so unwholesome as the air of a church; others have their affairs so oddly contrived, as to be always unluckily prevented by business. With some it is a great mark of wit and deep understanding, to stay at home on Sundays. Others again discover strange fits of laziness, that seize them particularly on that day and confine them to their beds. Others are absents out of mere contempt of religion; And, lastly, there are not a few who look upon it as a day of rest, and therefore claim the privilege of their cattle, to keep the sabbath by eating, drinking and sleeping after the toil and labor of the week. Now in all this the worst circumstance is that these persons are such whose companies are most required, and who stand most in need of a physician.—*Dean Swift.*

Religion.—Religion is the choice companion of the soul. She is the sweet messenger from the spirit-land, bearing upon her snow-white wings the "tokens sure" of a glorious immortality beyond the skies.

She comes to the captive, bound with the fetters of sin and Satan, and points her finger to the great Physician, (extinct on Calvary's cross, and in a voice seraphic sweetness, that sounds on his ear like the music of angels proclaiming—

"He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity."

Again she appears in the garb of an angel of mercy, speaking "Peace, be still," to the hearts of the children of sorrow, and pouring the "Balm of Gilead" into the wounds of the bruised and stricken in spirit.

Attured in the garb of Heaven-born humility, she visits the "meek and lowly of heart," and assures them "of such are the Kingdom of Heaven."

Her followers are kept in this life from temptation of "Wicked One," and at the last, ushered into that inheritance incorruptible, undimmed, and what's that? not now "reserved in heaven for them at home, names and distinctions." How sweet are the affections of kindness! How balm the influence of that regard which dwells around our firesides! Distress and doubt, can not the brightness of its purity, the harmony of its interest, nor the jealousy, nor the harmony of that seeing! Parental kindness, filial affection blossom there, in all the freshness of eternal spring. It matters not if the world is sold, if we can return to our dear circle and ass, and receive all that our own heart claims, and all that we can give, for the official evening it has come to us."

Jacksonville Republican.

Wednesday, May 1, 1844.

Democrat Electors Voted.

RICHARD B. WALTHALL, of Perry.
DAVID HUBBARD, of Lawrence.
THOMAS S. MAYS, of Montgomery.
DIXON H. HALL, of Autauga.
JOHN J. WINSTON, of Greene.
JOHN H. NOE, of Franklin.
JOSEPH P. FRAZIER, of Jackson.
WILLIAM B. MARTIN, of Benton.
WILLIAM R. HALL, of Mobile.

We are authorised to announce WILLIAM J. WILLIS, as a candidate for Sheriff of Benton County.

We are authorised to announce CALDWELL SOULETT, as a candidate for Sheriff of Benton County.

We are authorised to announce ASA SELTON, Esq., as a candidate for Sheriff of Benton County.

Mr. S. W. KIRBY is our authorised Agent to receive and receipt for subscriptions and other accounts due this Office.

It is hoped, however, that persons who can conveniently do so, will call at the Office and settle, without waiting to be called on by an Agent. Those who do not call soon will have a good opportunity to do so during April Court.

The Federal party inform us that the contest of 1844 will be a contest for principles, that humbuggery and foolery will not be resorted to.

If this be true, it is time that the Republican party should be preparing for the contest. They have slumbered on their posts until their ancient enemy have stole into their camp and disorganized their rank and file. The fierce contest between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams in 1800 for the presidency, will long be remembered. In that contest, the Federalists were defeated; their defeat was so decisive, that they did not make another effort until 1824, when by the coalition of "puritan and black-leg," to use the language of Mr. Randolph, or in plainer terms, by a combination between J. Q. Adams and Henry Clay; this ancient party, which was thought to be almost extinct, was restored to power under the false name of National Republicans. The deformities of this "wolf in sheep's clothing" was shown to the people, and they hurled from office, this mongrel "puritan" who had stealthily found his way into the Presidential chair, and elevated the Republican standard again in the election of General Jackson.

Thus did the people press on in the same way they did after Mr. Jefferson's election until 1840, when by a system of electioneering, unparalleled in the annals of history, this same ancient Federal party, under the delusive name of "whig," went into power by the election of General Harrison.

The members of this same old Federal party now come out and say, we are fairly in the field, under our standard-bearer Henry Clay—we throw off our mask and intend to battle for our ancient principles and creeds.

Republicans to your posts—rank and file—the time has arrived for you to determine whether the people or moneyed corporations are to rule the land, that Washington liberated and Jackson defended. Whether one portion of the Union is to be plundered for the benefit of another—whether protective tariffs are to be permanently fastened upon the people—whether the checks and balances of the constitution are to be disregarded and blotted out—whether free trade and equal rights, or exclusive privileges and monopolies are to be the order of the day.

These are subjects worthy of your consideration, and serious deliberation. If you desire the Republican banner still to wave over the land of our fathers, and float over the bosom of the ocean, you must come up to the rescue; you must plant your standard on the platform of the constitution, snatch your tattered flag from the hands of your enemies, and throw it to the breeze in despite of opposition.

Let this be done, and the principles of your republican fathers will be restored—let banking corporations and protective tariffs go down; and then may you repose in safety and security, having had a good home, and assuring them "of such are the Kingdom of Heaven."

Her followers are kept in this life from temptation of "Wicked One," and at the last, ushered into that inheritance incorruptible, undimmed, and what's that? not now "reserved in heaven for them at home, names and distinctions." How sweet are the affections of kindness! How balm the influence of that regard which dwells around our firesides! Distress and doubt, can not the brightness of its purity, the harmony of its interest, nor the jealousy, nor the harmony of that seeing! Parental kindness, filial affection blossom there, in all the freshness of eternal spring. It matters not if the world is sold, if we can return to our dear circle and ass, and receive all that our own heart claims, and all that we can give, for the official evening it has come to us."

and patient study. Bulwer observes that many persons about to attempt fiction, think they have only to select a plot, write it, paint pictures for pleasure without having thought to draw it. Bulwer Moore, with extraordinary powers of mind, attained a high station in the world of Letters, which many more gifted writers failed to reach, simply by her knowledge of Literature as an art.

Mrs. Hentz has been more successful upon her later Tales, which are so well known to the readers of our periodical literature. They are marked by bold, vigorous, original thought; with none of the "Rosa Majolica," sickly sentimentality, which too often disfigures the productions of female writers. A healthy tone of morality, of love for the great interests of humanity, run through all her works, they show, too, that she has become more familiar with the rules of art, without which, genius is of no more avail, than it is in music or painting.

In this delightful walk of Literature, notwithstanding the thousand Tales that yearly issue from the American press, we find few that have any claim to superior merit.

The first that have appeared, are from the pens of Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe; Willis is lively, piquant and racy; but he is spoilt by his affectation and literary dandyism. Mrs. Hentz's Tales, to say the least, will certainly compare advantageously with those of any female writer in our country. Her style is chaste, and glowing; and she exhibits superior power of invention or creation; an all important faculty for the novelist or poet. Her only defect is, we think, the want of unity, which is apparent in some of her productions. Every incident should tend to produce the end which the author proposes, the very first sentence should contribute to this result; and every expression or ornament, however brilliant, which does not assist in developing the one idea which the artist would illustrate should be lopped off. In a novel, it is almost impossible to sustain and keep steadily in view, this continuity of design through two or three volumes; and we can more readily pardon digression, although always faulty.

"But in a Tale of ordinary length, we have a right to expect, that this unity of design will be preserved throughout. If this is maintained, we surrender ourself at once to the guidance of the author, our attention never flags, and we arise from the perusal, fully satisfied. This is owing to one of the well known laws of the human mind; any idea to make its full and complete impression, must be communicated by the mind for a certain length of time, to the exclusion of every thing else. From these remarks, we would be understood as saying, that Mrs. Hentz's writings are particularly faulty in this respect; on the contrary we could mention several of her Tales where this unity is admirably preserved, in which she has shown great artistic power; but the objection applies on to some of her sketches which were thrown off hurriedly, and with too little care. Tales are generally regarded as the lightest kind of literature, requiring only very ordinary power of mind for their successful composition; fit only to be read by love-sick youths, and boarding school misses. There is too much reason for this belief, should we form our opinion from the reason above stated, superior to the novel; it is in many respects superior to the poem. Mrs. Hentz's success then in this department we regard as a sufficient proof that she possesses a high order of intellect.

But we believe she has shown greater capacity in poetry than in prose. One work, De Lara, or the Moorish Bride, is of itself sufficient to place her among the best writers of America. The dramatic form has always been a favorite, one with authors, even when composing without any view to representation. Milton wrote nothing superior to Comus and Sampson Agonistes, and among more modern authors, we might mention Byron, who wrote his noblest productions in the dramatic form. Sherry's Cenci, Wilson's city of the Plague, and Mrs. Hemans' dramas, are their first works. We might also refer to Milman, Maturin, and that most splendid imitation of the classic model, Ion, as proof of our assertion. Few female writers have succeeded, however, in wearing gracefully the terrors of tragedy. There is however one noble exception, the dramas of Joanna Baillie, which seemed at one time, to restore the stage to the days of its pristine glory. They however, met with no very favorable success in representation, little superior to Hannah Moore's Percy, a greatly inferior work. We doubt whether the highest order of poetry can be successful on the stage. Shakespeare may be cited to the contrary, but these excellencies, which establish his pre-eminent genius, are not the most relished by the theatre-going public; the interpolations of Colly Cobler are as well, if not better received, than the text of the great dramatist himself. A successful acting play requires certain exaggeration of character, a theatrical painting of incident, which is not true to nature. This is the secret of Knoles' success. These delicate and ideal creations in which poetry delights, are *curious* to the multitude. But let us return to De Lara, this was the successful tragedy for the price of five hundred dollars, offered by Mr. Pelly, of the Warren Theatre, Boston, some years since. It has been played successfully in several of the cities of the United States. It possesses great merit as an acting play, the deep and absorbing interest of plot; the suspended and stirring action, the bold and skilful delineation of the passion, which awakens and rivets the attention of an audience. She has explored those depths of the human heart and described the agitations of those darker and fiercer passion, from which most feminine imaginations have shrunk from exploring. Her characters are well conceived, vividly delineated, and they *exist* in their favor.

Some years since she published a novel entitled "Howe's Folly," which met with an extraordinary favorable reception from the public; but from any want of genius in the authoress, but from the inaptitude of the author, that she has not been successful in her subsequent publications. In this she has however, shown a decided talent for writing, and has written a number of successful novels, but in the widest sense of the word, be it verily said, that does not come by inspiration, but by long continued effort.

lady that has been successful upon the stage. Even moderate success in this, the noblest and most difficult branch of poetic composition is a proof of no ordinary genius. Bulwer believes, to possess a greater merit as a *reading*, than as an *acting* play, and in our next we will give an analysis of the plot and of some of the characters.

From the Globe, Feb. 29.

POSTSCRIPT.

We stop the press to announce a most lamentable catastrophe which occurred on board the Princeton steamer this evening.

By the bursting of one of the great guns, the Secretary of State, Mr. Upsher, the Secretary of the Navy, Gov. Gilmer; Commodore Kennon, Chief of the Bureau of Construction of the Navy; Virgil Maxey, esq., and Mr. Gardner, of Southampton, New York, were instantly killed; and six sailors are reported badly wounded. One of the President's servants, a colored man has

been slightly injured. The accident happened about 3 o'clock, some two or three miles below Alexandria. Colonel Benton's injury arose not from any fragment of the gun, but merely from the concussion. He was at the but of the gun, taking its range when it fired. He was not sensible of its stunning effect until he had called for aid to the bleeding sailors. He was stunned for a time, but was enabled to walk after reaching the shore, and was given a distinct account of the dreadful scene. Captain Stockton was buried by the powder, but not seriously injured.

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Captain Stockton having on successive days, extended invitations to visit his ship to the executive and committees of Congress; and then to both Houses—invited the ladies of the city to an entertainment on this, which was meant as the gala day of his beautiful ship.

It opened brightly, but has closed in the most dreadful gloom over our community. The only circumstance calculated to relieve the all-pervading distress, is, that of the multitude of ladies who were on board the ship, not one was injured. The happy exemption of such a multitude of the tender sex, who witnessed the havoc made in the midst of the most distinguished and beloved of their countrymen, while it brings some solace to the circle of their immediate friends, cannot but deepen the sympathies which they, and the whole community, feel for the bereaved families of those who have fallen. Mr. Upsher and Mr. Gilmer were idols in the happy family by which each was surrounded. The elder children of Mr. Gilmer are just grown; the younger still in the nurse's arms. Commodore Kennon, Mr. Maxey, and Mr. Gardner are all torn from family endearments—from wives and children.

We understand that Mrs. Gilmer was upon the deck when her husband fell. It was the third discharge of the gun (and fired at the request of Mr. Gilmer) that burst it. The daughter of Mr. Upsher, and the daughters of Mr. Gardner, were on board the steamer, but none of them, except Mrs. Gilmer, were apprised of the death of those most dear to them, until after their return to the city. Almost all the ladies were below, at dinner, when the catastrophe occurred. Mrs. Gilmer was brought to the city almost in a state of distraction.

There were two hundred ladies on board, and during the two discharges of the gun, were on the deck; and many of them approached very near to observe the course of the ball after it struck the water. President Tyler was there also, but had attended the ladies to dinner before the third discharge.

BAD OMENS OF BLACK FRIDAY. Hangman's day, as we remarked at the time, characterized the most important epochs of the leading measures of cooney at the extra session. Several of them were introduced and passed on Friday. We noted, too, that some of the great demonstrations on General Harrison's advent as President elect at Washington, were marked with melancholy forebodings by the disasters of a black Friday.

Poor Mr. Clay and his unhappy friends seem to be under the fatal influence of that inauspicious day in their movements for this year. On Friday, the 12th of April, (Mr. Clay's birth day—he was born on a Friday,) the cooneeator is to enter Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, to dictate how it shall vote. This is the givings out of the federal press. We shall see how this omen will be answered by the vote of North Carolina. At Columbus, Ohio, the dispersion of the Bank convention of cooney on Friday, the 23d February, which met for the second time, and disputed over the nomination of a candidate for governor, was clouded with a most distressing catastrophe, brought on by the drunkenness encouraged during the night of the 22d February. We copy the following account from the Columbus Statesman:—

OMENS AND ACCIDENTS.—On the day of the coonee convention, four horses attached to a wagon on High street took fright, at the timber of the Kuy Koon Klub house.

We should feel happy if we could stop here; but we have a more melancholy tale to relate. As a company of the song-singing rowdies left for the West, on the morning after the convention, and some distance beyond Franklinton, on the national road, they scared the horses of a Mr. Wilson, of Little Sandusky, who was returning home from a visit to his friends, with his wife and child, and upset his vehicle, and killed the little child carried in its mother's arms. The child lived only a short time after the accident, and the unfortunate parents left their home, taking their dead child with them. We have these facts from the physician who was called to see the child when it was expiring.

It is not a matter of astonishment, that leading professing Christians, who pray

should give countenance to, yet frequently are found the most prominent persons in these scenes of drunkenness and rowdyism; for we are satisfied that self-love has only the most malignant influence upon the light of the day. During the day, they keep in pretty well; but at night, the lowest debaucheries took place, with Temperance Greiner's songs in full glee.

We admit that it was some sign of returning shame, when they shrank from the light of day to carry on their orgies.

We are informed that one of the canoe delegates from Mount Vernon, declared that, if he got home safely, he would never be caught in such another scrape.

Since the above was written, a person who was present at Franklin, when Mr. and Mrs. Wilson came into the place with their dying child, says, he seldom ever saw a more affecting scene. The parents were in such deep distress for their beautiful little infant child, and a sweater looking babe our informant says he never saw, that they could scarcely speak to any one.

The drunken rowdies, from the coon gathering, we learn, were driving at full speed, singing, and hallooing like wild Indians, with their coon skin paraphernalia flying. Talk about the immorality of the gallows; why the people at the hanging were gentlemen, compared to these whig people! The immorality at one of these coon fandangos, is ahead of any hanging match that ever came off.

Importance of Selecting Proper Occupations.—But few persons are aware of the immense importance of selecting for their sons, occupations, for which they are especially qualified by their physical constitution or mental organs—a circumstance which is seldom brought into consideration.

A person, who, while attending to the duties of his profession or occupation, whether literary, scientific or manual, can gratify the predominant faculties of their mind, will always be successful. His business will be an important source of his happiness, and of course, will not be neglected.

It is not only imprudence, but cruelty, in a parent, who, urged by the pride, ignorance, or caprice, condemns his favorite son a calling, for which he can never be qualified by his mental organization. A fearful tale might be told of misery, want, intemperance vice and insanity, which have had their origin in these sad mistakes. It is well known that, the wily Jesuits, who possessed an extraordinary power of penetrating the motives of the human actions, were remarkable for their success in educating youth. And one great source of the astonishing influence, which that religious order once

From the Southern Literary Messenger.
SHE IS THE LAST.
She is the last of all that God doth bring,
Hath given to our heart; the affruse
Two brothers sleep beneath the sod, now
They perished at their birth; and, &
Ah! fondly did we hope that she might go
Would live through her sweet infancy's

She is the last; and there she lies,
Beneath the lonely tree; weep, weep, weep,
We've laid to rest with streaming eyes:
The last of all; the three are gone.
We've heaped the clay above her breast,
And left her sleeping with the rest; now
She is the last—she gives her up to Heaven:

Submissively we take the cup,
Tis bitter, but 'tis given; of us
Enduring still, with faithful trust;
We yield our last hope to the dust.

—
AUGUSTA, Jan. 25.

EXCHANGE TABLE.
Augusta Insurance Company, Bank of Augusta, &c., Bank of Georgia, Bank of Brunswick, Georgia Rail Road, Mechanics' Bank, &c., Bank of St. Louis, Bank of Mobile, Bank of the State of Georgia, at Savannah, Branches of it, Agency of it, at Greenville, &c., Commercial Bank, at Macon, Mutual Life Fire and Marine Bank, Savannah, Branch of it, at Macon, Planters' Bank, Savannah, Central Bank of Georgia, Central I. & R. Bank & Co., Savannah, &c., Alabama, &c., Bank of it, at Birmingham, Phoenix Bank of Columbus, Charleston Banks, Bank of Canada, Bank of Georgia, Commercial, Columbus, Merchants' Bank, &c., Bank of Havana.

NO SALE OR UNCERTAIN.
Bank of Darien and Branches.

Catahoula Bank and Banking Company, Mutual Life Bank and Banking Company, Planters' and Mechanics' Bank, Columbus, Western Bank, at Rome, Exchange Bank, Brunswick.

Insurance Bank of Columbus at Macon, no circulation.

Wetumpka Prices Current.

CORRECTED WEEKLY AT THE FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE.

COTTON, 7 a 9 1/2

Bugging, Dundee, 14 a 16

Ky., 18 a 20

India, 23 a 20

Bale rope, northern, 5 a 9

Coffee, Rio, 8 a 9

Green Hay, 8 a 8

Jaya, 15 a 17

Bacon, Hams, 6 a 7

sides, shoulders, 5 a 6

Butter, Goshen, 1 a 00

country, 12 a 18

Cheese, 0 a 8

Iron, sheet, 9 a 10

Hoop, 10 a 12

Plough moulds, 7 a 8

Steel, German, 10 a 00

American bl., 10 a 13

English cast, 18 a 20

Nails, cast, 2 a 25

wrought, 6 a 64

Rice, 20 a 00

Sugar, lof, 5 a 5

lump, N. Orleans, 18 a 20

Porto Rico, 14 a 10

Salt, sack, 50 a 150

Spirits, brandy, cog, 50 a 800

Am., 45 a 100

Rum, N. E., 45 a 75

Lafayette, 62 a 75

St. Croix, 82 a 220

Jamaica, 82 a 250

Gin, Holl'd, 82 a 250

American, 60 a 75

Whiskey, re, 26 a 27

com., 28 a 28

Brandy, p'ch, 75 a 100

Wines, Madeira, 82 a 400

Tenerife, 81 a 150

Sherry, 81 a 350

Sweet Mal, 60 a 65

Port, 82 a 300

Lisbon, 81 a 125

Claret, 82 a 25

Champagne, 82 a 600

Muscat, 84 a 500

Cordials, assorted, 84 a 500

Champagne, elder, 84 a 600

Porter, London, 84 a 600

American, 84 a 600

Soap, yellow, 84 a 600

white, 84 a 600

Glass, 8 x 10, 82 a 400

10 x 12, 84 a 400

Oils, lamp, 84 a 200

gut, 87 a 100

linseed, 81 a 50

THE PILGRIM'S CHOICE.

A selection of Hymns & Spiritual Songs lately compiled from various authors.

BY ELO. DAVID W. ANDREWS.

A few copies of the above, entitled *Worthy*, bound, have been deposited at this Office for sale.

Also for sale, at the Stores of Messrs. J. FORNEY, S. P. HUDSON, & CO., and WOODWARD & PORTER.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL, Sh., and Administrator, ex officio.

Feb. 14, 1844.—\$1.50.

At this Office.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of Administration, upon the

goods and chattels, rights and credits

of John Dobson; late of the county of Ran-

dolph; deceased; having been granted to the

undersigned, by the Judge of the County Court

of said county, on the first day of Febr-

uary, 1844; all persons indebted to said es-

tate are requested to make payment; and all

persons having claims against the estate of

the said John Dobson are requested to ex-

hibit the same within the time limited by

law or they will be rejected.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL, Sh.,

and Administrator, ex officio.

Feb. 14, 1844.—\$1.50.

At this Office.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of Administration, upon the

goods and chattels, rights and credits

of John Dobson; late of the county of Ran-

dolph; deceased; having been granted to the

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By Order of the President of the United States.

No. 1. Proclamation of the provisions of a Treaty between the United States and the Chickasaw Indians, made and concluded at Pontotoc Creek, on the twentieth day of October, 1832; and of the supplementary and explanatory articles thereto made and concluded on the twenty-second day of the same month; and, also, of the Treaty between the United States and the Chickasaw Indians, made and concluded at the City of Washington on the twenty-fourth day of May, 1834.

JOHN TYLER, President of the United States, do hereby declare and make known that a public sale for the disposal of the lands ceded by the United States by the said Indians, as are hereinafter described, shall be held at the Land Office at PONTO TOOC, in Mississippi, on the second Monday in May next.

East of the Chickasaw Meridian.

Township fifteen, fractional township fifteen, of range one, east.

Section thirty-four, in township one, of range two, east.

Section six, in township six, of range two, east.

Fractional township sixteen, of range two, east—except the north fractions of sections one, two, three and four, and fractional sections five and six.

Fractional township seventeen, of range two, east.

Fractional townships sixteen and seventeen, of range three, east.

Section eighteen, in township seven, of range four, east.

East half of section twenty-two, in township five, of range four, east.

Section five, in township eight of range five, east.

Section thirty-three, in township eleven, of range six, east.

Sections twenty-three, and twenty-six, in township four, of range seven, east.

South half of section nine, in township thirteen, of range seven, east.

Section twenty-five, in township fifteen, of range seven, east.

East half of section nineteen, and sections twenty, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty-three, thirty-five, and thirty-six, in township eleven, of range eight, east.

Sections three and twenty-four, in township three, of range ten, east.

West of the Chickasaw Meridian.

West half of section five, in township three, of range one, west.

West half of section thirty-two, in township two, of range three, west.

Section thirty-two, in township three, of range four, west.

North half of section one, north fraction of section twenty-five, and section thirty-four, in township six, of range four, west.

Section fourteen, in township eight, of range four, west.

Sections twenty-five and thirty-six, in township four, of range five, west.

Section nine, in township seven, of range five, west.

North half of section eighteen, and section twenty-nine, in township eight, of range five, west.

Sections twenty-three and twenty-four, in township nine, of range five, west.

Section eleven, in township nine, of range six, west.

Sections one, two and three, south half of section seven, west half of section eight, and sections nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, thirty-three and thirty-four, in township ten, of range seven, west.

Section two, north half of lots A, B, C, F, G, of section four, and fractional sections five and fourteen, in township eleven, of range seven, west.

Section two, and fractional sections six, seven and thirty-six, in township ten, of range eight, west.

Sections fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, twenty, twenty-three, twenty-six, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-five, and thirty-six, in township four, of range nine, west.

Sections thirty and thirty-one, in township seven, of range nine, west.

Section twelve, in township eight, of range nine, west.

Fractional section thirty-five, in township nine, of range nine, west.

Sections twenty-six, twenty-seven, and thirty-five, in township four, of range ten, west.

Sections eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, in township eight, of range nine, west.

Section sixteen, in township four, and section seventeen, in township five, of range nine, west.

Section twenty-three, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty-three, thirty-four, in township four, of range eleven, west.

Fractional section of fractional section nine, in township four, of range twelve, west.

Section one, two, nine, ten, eleven, fifteen, and fractional section twenty-two, in township seven, of range twelve, west.

West of the Meridian of Huntsville, in Alabama.

Fractional section eight, in township three, of range thirteen, west.

Fractional section one, in township four, of range thirteen, west, except lot A.

Section twenty-four, in township five, of range fifteen, west.

Section sixteen, in township three, of range fifteen, west.

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Section sixteen, in township four, of

Jacksonville Republican.

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

Vol. 8.—No. 10.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1844.

Whole No. 375.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
J. F. GRANT,
At \$2 50 in advance, or \$1 00 at the end of the year.
No subscription received for less than one year will be paid in advance, and no subscription discontinued until the amount due is paid, unless at the option of the editor.
A failure to give notice at the end of the year of a wish to discontinue, will be considered an engagement for the next.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements of 12 lines or less \$1 00 for the first insertion and 50 cents for each continuation. Over 12 lines charged at two sqrs res, over 4 sqrs three sqrs. Irregular insertions charged one dollar per square for each inser ion.

All personal advertisements and communication charged double the foregoing rates.

Job work and advertising must be paid for in advance; and interest will be invariably charged upon all accounts from the time they are due until paid.

Advertisements handled in without directions as to the number of insertions, will be published until fully paid for.

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements inserted for six or twelve months.

For announcing candidates \$3 00, invariably in advance.

For inserting circulars, &c. of candidates, 50 cents per square.

POSTAGE MUST BE PAID on all letters addressed to the Editor on business.

THE YOUTH OF THE HEART.

By MRS. C. M. GARNER.
"Shall I ever grow old?" said a little girl
As she stood by a fond mother's knee,
And looked from her with the clustering curl,
And turned up her honey blue eyes.

"Shall I ever grow old as this beggar has done
Who yesterday came to our door?
And never again look on the light of the sun,
And see the sweet flowers more!"

"Will my face be all wrinkled with sorrow and care,
And my pretty brown tresses turn white?
Oh, mother, I assure that I never will tear
To become such a sad looking sight!"

On her fair little daughter the mother looked down,
And her face wore a sorrowful smile,
As she smoothed back the beautiful tresses of brown,
And gazed in her blue eyes, he would!

"Oh, yes, my dear child!" and the tears gathered fast,
As she spoke in the mother's dark eye:
"The charms we so prize in your fair form last,
And wrinkles and age will draw me right!"

This beautiful forehead, so placid and white,
This cheek of the crimson bloom,
Must yield up the delicate tints to the blight—
The precursor that leads to the tomb!

"To wrinkles these dimples at length will give place,
These looks will be sprinkled with gray;
And who is there, then, could discover a trace
Of the beauty my child wears to-day?"

"But the youth of the heart! and the mother's dark eye
Grew soft as the eye of a dawn—
"May live in its greenness when ages have come nigh,
And the rose and the lily are gone!"

"That youth! 'tis an evergreen, perish it well
With the blossoms of affection and love,
And will in the low unfading 'till dwell,
When thy spirit asceneth above!"

THE YANKEE PEDLAR AND THE
OLD FARMER.—A YANKEE TRICK.

Late one evening, in the Autumn of 18—, a Yankee Pedlar drove up before the door of the dwelling of a very wealthy old farmer, who had always borne great ill will to all the Yankees, and especially to Yankee pedlars. Indeed, he hated the name of Yankee. He could not bear it mentioned even, without heaping up curses on the whole tribe, and denouncing the pedlars, as "cheats and plunderers." What was the cause of his great hatred to them? I am not able to say; and I do not suppose that the old gentleman himself, could have given any definite or satisfactory reason for it, even as all of us, perhaps, are unacquainted with persons, whom we do not like, and yet are unable to assign any reasons for our dislike. We just don't like them, and that is all we can say.

The pedlar lighted from his wagon, and went into the house, and found the old gentleman sitting with his wife before the fire, and asked him very politely, if he wished to purchase any "dry goods," naming over, as pedlars generally do, the different kinds of articles, that he has for sale.

"No, No," said the old man gruffly, before the pedlar had finished speaking, "no, I don't want any thing, that you have."

"Perhaps, said the pedlar, a little disconcerted at the old man's manner of speaking, 'perhaps your lady would like to purchase something?'

"No, she wouldn't," said the farmer, forcing his words between his teeth.

"May be, said the pedlar, after a short silence, you would like to look at my goods? I would be happy to accommodate you, even that far."

"No, we wouldn't," said the farmer, "we have no desire to see your goods—it would be no accommodation, sir."

"Well, sir," said the pedlar, can I stay with you to night?"

"No, sir," said the farmer, you can't; and the sooner you are off, the better."

"Why, sir," said the pedlar earnestly "there is no other house within several miles of this, at which I can stay, and it is now nearly night; if you do not take me in, I shall have to lie out, and consequently suffer."

"That is no look out of mine," said the farmer, "you ought to have thought of that sooner."

"I did think of it, sir, said the pedlar, but I did not doubt that you would let me stay with you, under such circumstances."

"You may doubt it now," said the old man.

"Do let the gentleman stay," said the lady, looking up. "If you turn him off, you know he will have to lie out all night, and the weather is very cold."

"Haven't blessed the lady," thought the pedlar.

"Do sir," said he, "and I will take it as the greatest favor."

"Well," said the old farmer, sulky, "as it is the only chance, I suppose you must stay; but I do not like to be troubled in this way."

"Thank you, sir," said the pedlar, bowing.

"I will be no trouble to you," and he went out to take care of his horse.

After the pedlar had stabled and fed his horse, he returned to the house, and the old farmer asked him sulky to take a seat. Though he was now relieved from the fear of having to lie out in the woods all night, yet his feelings were any thing but pleasant. He sat down and fixed his eyes on the fire, fearing to speak, or to move, lest he should trouble his host, and excite his anger. The old lady, however, pretty soon relieved him, by entering into conversation with him, and by degrees, his embarrassment left him. The old man's countenance, too, began to assume a more pleasing appearance, as their conversation progressed, and he pretty soon joined in it. He was highly delighted with the pedlar's description of the country in which he lived, and that through which he had travelled. He began to think that the Yankees had been wronged, and that there was one gentleman, at least, even among the pedlars. Just before bed time, the old gentleman said with a smile,

"I am told that you, Yankees, are good at playing tricks on people. I would be glad that you would play one on me before you leave."

"Ah," said the pedlar, "you ought not to believe every thing you hear. A great many things are told on the Yankees, that are not true. But, if I were ever so good at playing tricks, I should hate very much to play one on a person, whose hospitality I had enjoyed."

"Oh, said the pedlar, "you ought not to believe every thing you hear. A great many things are told on the Yankees, that are not true. But, if I were ever so good at playing tricks, I should hate very much to play one on a person, whose hospitality I had enjoyed."

"The defect of our times is a want of faith. We live in an age of reality, present, palpable reality. Every thing is to be paid for upon demand; every thing is to be accounted for and answered by return of post. The golden currency of enthusiasm has been called in. There is no reverence for any features of truth behind the veil. Our temper resembles that of the pundits who inquired of Henry Martin whether, by embracing the Christian religion, he should be held the Dity in a visible shape. This eagerness to perceive every object, without delay and impediment, is a characteristic of minds which have not been accustomed to gaze at the luminary of truth, and might be rebuked by a Hebrew legend which we have read. 'You touch,' said the Emperor Trajan to a famous Rabbi, 'that your God is everywhere, and boast that he resides among your nation. I should like to see him.' 'God's presence is, indeed, everywhere,' the Rabbi replied; 'but he cannot be seen, for no mortal eye can look upon His splendor.' The Emperor had the obstinacy of power and persisted in his demand. 'Well,' answered the Rabbi, 'suppose that we begin by endeavoring to gaze at one of His ambassadors.' Trajan assented; and the Rabbi leading him into the open air, for it was the noon of the day, bade him raise his eyes to the sun, then shining down upon the world in its meridian glory. The Emperor made the attempt, but relinquished it. 'I cannot,' he said, 'see the light dazzles me.' 'If then,' rejoined the triumphing Rabbi, 'thou art unable to endure the light of one of his creatures, how canst thou expect to behold the unclouded glory of the Creator?' It is a beautiful and touching parable, and teaches humility not only in religion, but in literature and in life."

The pedlar having got his head upon his pillow, put all his wits to work, to invent some plan to play a trick on his host, for he was determined to do it, if possible and make him suffer a little for the rude manner in which he had treated him. He recollects that during their conversation, the old gentleman had spoken of having barrels of cider in his cellar. "Ah, I have it," thought he, and he turned over and went to sleep.

Next morning, just as the pedlar was taking his leave, the farmer said,

"But where is the trick that you were to play on me?"

"Ah, I had forgotten that," said the pedlar.

"You have barrels of cider in your cellar," continued he.

"Yes," said the farmer, and they went down into the cellar.

"Have you an auger," said the pedlar?

"Yes," and the auger was brought.

The pedlar now selected the largest barrel, and rolled it out to the middle of the cellar. He then took the auger and bored a hole into one end of the barrel, and told the old man to insert his thumb in and, going to the other end, he bored a hole into that, also, and told the old man to insert his other thumb in it. Then laying down the auger, he went immediately out, and got into his wagon and drove off, leaving the old farmer stretched over the barrel, in the manner in which he had often confined his slaves to punish them, with one thumb in one end of the barrel, and the other in the other, and fearing to remove them lest he should lose his "good cider."

The following amusing anecdote is going the rounds of the Whig papers. It is a good one, if true, and we see no reason why we Democrats should not enjoy some fun in the laugh that must follow the reading of it.—*Montgomery Adm.*

At a *Jacotin* convention recently held in Tippecanoe county, Indiana, a friend of Mr. Cass moved a resolution to the following effect:—Whereas, Gen. Lewis Cass emigrated to the West from New Hampshire in early life with his knapsack on his back, and unsheathed his sword in repelling the Indians from the Northwest frontier, and in fighting against the British during the last war. Therefore, resolved, That he ought to be supported by the democratic party for President of the United States. A brother locofoco moved to amend the resolution by striking out the name of "Lewis Cass," and inserting the name of "Martin Van Buren;" which motion, after an animated discussion, prevailed—Same one called for the reading of the resolution as amended; whereupon, the secretary, in a loud voice, commenced reading:—Whereas, Gen. Martin Van Buren emigrated to the West from New Hampshire in early life, with his knapsack on his back, and unsheathed his sword repelling the Indians and fighting against the British! By the way, the secretary had got thus far, the absurdity of the thing became so manifest, that the same locofoco who moved the amendment sprang to his seat, exclaiming "tut, tut, tut, Mr. Chairman, that'll never do. I move to lay the affair on the table," and there it was laid accordingly.

"Slippery times these," as the fellow said when his heels flew up this morning. "Yes and hard ones too," responded a chap whose head had just hit the pavement.

"I did think of it, sir, said the pedlar, but I did not doubt that you would let me stay with you, under such circumstances."

"You may doubt it now," said the old man.

THE BURIED TREASURE.

The *Centinela de Galicia* contains the following particulars relative to the treasure buried by Marshall Ney's order near Santiago: "It is now beyond doubt that, in 1831, several barrels, containing a sum of 18,000,000 francs in gold, were buried in the district of Larano, near Santiago. Two hundred French soldiers retreating from Vigo, and being afraid to enter Santiago, encamped in the neighborhood of the city, where sixty of them, having dug a trench ten feet deep, deposited in it the barrels by order of their commander. During the operation, one of the barrels was broken, and it was then the soldiers, perceiving what they were burying, instead of ammunition, as they had been told, military discipline, however, prevented them from satisfying their secret desires, and they were unable to do later, as they shortly returned to France, and were marched to the time of his remarks, he was very pointed towards the Abolitionists, in the House. Mr. McDuffie was listening to him with great attention during the time he was speaking, and apparently was anxious to catch every word as it fell from his lips. Mr. Burt is viewed here as a man of fine sense, without much show of oratory.—He enjoys the reputation of being a sound lawyer, which may be easily discovered in the arrangement of his remarks. Mr. Dellett, of Alabama, has the floor, and will address the House to-morrow.

"Resolved, That justice and sound policy forbids the Federal Government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another, or to cherish the interest of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country; that every citizen, and every section of the country, has a right to demand and insist upon an equality of rights and privileges, and to a complete and ample protection of persons and property from domestic violence or foreign aggression."

"Resolved, That Congress has no power under the Constitution to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several States; and that such States are the sole and proper judges of every thing appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the Constitution; that all efforts of the Abolitionists or others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences, and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people and endanger the stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend to our political institution."

MONTGOMERY.

WASHINGTON, February 22d, 1844.

Mr. Choate, of Massachusetts, spoke, on to-day, at great length, on the Tariff, in reply to Messrs. McDuffie and Woodbury. He is a high protectionist, and a good speaker; possessed of sufficient animation to make it interesting to hear him. He seems to be a very honest politician, and takes great interest in the advancement of his principles.

In the House, Mr. Burt, of South Carolina, spoke in favor of the 21st rule.

The action of the House of Representatives on the rules is at an end, and that rule which excluded the Abolition petitions, along with it and now the House may be deluged with every species of trash, and the Union kept in one eternal state of agitation and disquietude. I feel as though the South would be long in her own defense have to retreat back upon her resources, and withdraw from a Union, that has robbed her of a large portion of her fair profits on her own productive industry of one hand and now seek to deprive her of her means of prosecuting that industry on the other—

"you take my life, when you do take the means by which I live"—but to the pro-

tection.

The House took up the report of the Select Committee on the Rules, together with the propositions to amend. The Chair decided that the amendment proposed by Mr. Cave Johnson to the rule of the last Congress, with the exception of the far famed 21st Rule, which it now proposed to amend so as to receive all Abolition petitions, and lay them on the table without reference or action, was first in order.

Mr. Johnson addressed the House in favor of his proposition, appealing to Southern members to sustain it rather than the substitute of Mr. Dromgoole, or the report of the Select Committee. So far as regarded the latter there was no necessity for any appeal. The South knew their own interest too well for that. Mr. Hale obtained the floor, and after a few observations moved the previous question, which was sustained, and then Mr. Belser of Alabama, moved to lay the whole subject on the table; but the motion did not prevail—the vote standing yea 90. Here the Speaker informed the House that the morning hour had expired, and that the subject must lie over until to-morrow. A proposition was now made to suspend the rules in order to proceed with the business before them. This motion was carried in the affirmative by a large majority over the two thirds required—yea 159, nays 24.

Mr. Johnson here sought to divide his motion so as to take the vote first on adopting the rules of the last Congress, and secondly on the amendment of the 21st Rule as indicated, but the Speaker decided that the motion was one and *indevisable*. Mr. Johnson appealed from the decision of the Chair. Mr. Weller moved to lay the appeal on the table, which motion was indicated in the affirmative. Here another attempt was made to lay the whole subject on the table, but it met with the same fate as the like preceding motions—90; nays 94. The question was then taken on Mr. Johnson's amendment as a single proposition, but it met with no favor from the House—the vote stood yea 86, nays 143. The question now recurred on the amendment offered by Mr. Dromgoole as a substitute for the report of the Select Committee.

Mr. Schenck asked a division of the question, so as to be allowed to vote direct on the 21st rule, and on that relating to taking Bills out of Committee of the Whole at the will of the majority. Mr. Belser again moved to lay the subject on the table, when Mr. White, the former speaker, contended that the motion was not in order, and Mr. White took an appeal from the Chair which was sustained by a vote of 99 yeas to 75 nays. Here there was another attempt to put the matter on the table, but it failed by a more triumphant vote than before—yea 73, nays 95—attempts were then made to adjourn, but there was cries of "No, no," from all parts of the House. The question was then taken on Mr. Dromgoole's substitute, excepting the two rules indicated by Mr. Schenck, and it was adopted—yea 93, nays 23. The question was then taken on the adoption of the 23d rule (being the 21st rule under the old rules (and decided in the negative)—yea 85, nays 195. The *Spectator* in this city will doubtless analyze this vote, to which Journal allow me to refer you for the analysis. The other proposition commonly called the *gag* law, was sustained by a fair majority—here was another attempt to lay the whole matter on the table (and decided in the negative)—yea 88, nays 99. After which the House adjourned. Thus this whole affair has resulted precisely as I saw it would in the destruction of the interests of the South, under assumed "sacred right of petition."

MONTGOMERY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24th, 1844.

The Senate did not sit to day.

In the House, Mr. Dromgoole introduced a substitute for the report of the Select Committee on Rules. After a good deal of controversy, it was ordered to be printed, and will come up for discussion on Tuesday next. I still am of the opinion that the 21st rule will be abolished.

Parson Miller is here, and a small sheet called the "Midnight Cry" has just made its appearance, proclaiming the "second coming of Christ." On Monday next, the Rev. gentleman commences a series of lectures, by way of enforcing his particular prophecies. That he will find some ready followers, I do not doubt. A certain portion of the people here are sufficiently ignorant to believe in such a prophet.

There is some little stir among us on the subject of the Presidency. The Whigs are confident of the success of Mr. Clay, and the friends of Mr. Van Buren believe that he is to be our next chief ruler.

MONTG

Jacksonville Republican.

Wednesday, Mar. 20, 1844.

Democratic Electoral Ticket.

RICHARD B. WALTHALL, of Perry.
DAVID HUBBARD, of Lawrence.
THOMAS S. MAYS, of Montgomery.
DIXON H. HALL, of Autauga.
JOHN J. WINSTON, of Greene.
JOHN H. NOOT, of Franklin.
JOSEPH P. FRAZIER, of Jackson.
WILLIAM B. MARTIN, of Benton.
WILLIAM R. HALLET, of Mobile.

65 We are authorised to announce WILLIAM J. WILLIS, as a candidate for Sheriff of Benton County.

65 We are authorised to announce CALDWELL SOULETT, as a candidate for Sheriff of Benton County.

65 We are authorised to announce ASA SKELETON, Esq. as a candidate for Sheriff of Benton County.

65 Mr. S. W. KIRBY is our authorised Agent to receive and receipt for subscriptions and other accounts, due this Office. It is hoped, however, that persons who can conveniently do so, will call at the Office and settle, without waiting to be called on by an Agent. Those who do not call sooner will have a good opportunity to do so during April Court.

By a letter from Mr. Chapman to the editor of the Huntsville Democrat, which is of a later date than the Congressional news published on the outside of this paper, we learn that upon the final vote on the report of the committee on Rules, upon motion of Mr. Chapman, the whole subject was laid on the table, and that the 21st rule, excluding Abolition petitions, is still in force.

Late Eastern papers bring us intelligence of the death of N. BIDDLE, late president of the United States Bank.

The whig papers of late appear to be exceedingly nettled at any allusion to the disgraceful scenes enacted and made of electioneering adopted by the whigs during the canvass of 1840. We are glad to see these symptoms, as signs of returning consciousness of shame; for it is said, "where shame is lost all virtue is lost." These signs are peculiarly gratifying at this time; when a large portion of the party show a decided disposition to return to and re-enact the same disgusting and disgraceful scenes, and will undoubtedly do so, if not kept in check by the better portion of the party. One of the papers of the character above alluded to, in speaking of a late letter of Mr. Van Buren, in answer to one communicating to him the proceedings of a democratic mass meeting at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, calls it an "infamous letter" and says he deals out wholesale slander upon the people of this Union, because in it he says, when speaking of the canvass of 1840, "reason was dethroned, and a whirlwind of passion, folly and madness swept through the land."

As an evidence of the estimation in which the mode of electioneering adopted by the whigs in 1840; is held at the present day, not only by the democratic party, but by the better portion of the whig party; the attention of the reader is particularly directed to an article in this paper from the Richmond Enquirer, headed "Portrait of Wiggery," and embodying an extract of a letter from Willoughby Newton, Esq. whig, and member of the House of Representatives from Westmoreland county. In that letter Mr. Newton explicitly attributes all their disasters to their own want of candor and fairness, and says that their own convention at Richmond "actually repudiated the leading principles and measures of the whig party." Will these reckless whig papers now accuse Mr. Newton of wholesale slander upon the people of this Union, and with him condemn all that portion of their own party, who did in 1840, and would now, scorn to unite in their senseless numericks?

A woman married in jail and sent to the Penitentiary.—The singular circumstance of a marriage in jail, occurred not long since in Ashville, St. Clair city. Within the gloomy walls of the prison, Moses Guist, with his limbs bound by the felon's chain, under the charge of kidnapping, a penitentiary crime, was united in the silkens bands of wedlock with Miss Mary Adeline Kingsley, (if we mistake not her name) by a respectable clergyman of the baptist denomination. She was permitted to visit her husband occasionally, until the latter part of February last, when she, together with Mrs. Hampton, the wife of Wade Hampton, (who was imprisoned under the same charge with Guist) obtained through the kindness of the jailor, admittance into the prison. During their temporary stay with their lords, Mrs. Guist furnished Hampton with her bonnet and a superannuated dress, which she had worn into the prison. Dressed in these feminine habiliments, Hampton, whose size compared very well with that of Mrs. Guist, attempted to pass out in company with Mrs. Hampton, his wife, leaving Mrs. Guist with her husband. They proceeded from the room

in which they were confined to the front room of the prison, when the jailor was in the act of turning out the pair, supposing them both to belong to the female gender, but fortunately, before they were turned out, the light falling strongly from the candle which the jailor carried on the face of Hampton, he was detected.

At the last term of the Circuit Court for that County, Mrs. Guist was found guilty of attempting the escape of Hampton from jail, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for two years.

We are informed she was recommended to the executive clemency by the presiding Judge, most of the Jury, the members of the bar, and many citizens of the county.

This is the first woman that has been sentenced to the State Prison in Alabama, and we think it should be the last.

Women should not go to the Penitentiary for any offence—let the law be repealed—let them be tried as heretofore. The Penitentiary is not suitable for their condition or sex. We have but little doubt that the Governor will pardon this unfortunate female.

The Exchange Bank in Norfolk, Virginia is selling on the North as low as a quarter of one cent premium. This is the lowest rate ever known in that place and is another evidence of the sound state of the currency.—N. Y. Herald.

What has caused this?—The great whig regulator, a bank of the United States? No.

We are daily told by the Federal party that we must have a United States bank to regulate the currency—without it, the currency will not be stable and regular. In

the palniest day of the United States bank exchange between Norfolk and New York never was so low. Then it is evident that this great monometh institution is not required to regulate the currency.

If congress were to charter and put in motion this corrupt, blighting, withering and unconstitutional institution—how long would it be before it would draw after it all the evils and disastrous consequences which so signally marked and distinguished its gloomy and wily career.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE PRESIDENT.—The Globe of the 4th inst. in some remarks on the funeral obsequies of the distinguished individuals who lost their lives by the accident on the deck of the Princeton concludes with the following account of an accident which had well nigh proved fatal to the President:

"The mournful ceremonials had just been concluded, when the city was alarmed with the apprehension of another fatal accident to the Chief Magistrate himself. As he returned in his carriage of state from the place of interment, (the Congress burying ground, about three miles from the President's House,) his horses took fright, and ran with fury along the great thoroughfare, filled with people and carriages. There was no arresting their wild career; the reins were broken in the attempt to restrain them, and all that could be done was to give room to their headlong flight. As they approached the turn in the end of the avenue, obstructed by the President's square, they got scared at something on one side of the street, and shied off in their course to the curb-stone on the other side, which gave the advantage to an intrepid colored man on the side-walk to seize them by the short reins and stop them. A little beyond, in the direction they were going, lay masses of the large stone rejected from the new treasury building, near the precipitous bank to the south of the President's wall. Had not the career of the horses been arrested at the moment that it was, the next would have wrecked the carriage on these rocks, or precipitated it over the bank. The President was happy to escape from his state equipage, over which all guidance and control was lost, and find himself afoot, by the side of his humble deliverer."

SECRETARY OF STATE.

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There certainly never was a period in our annals, when a man of eminent abilities and patriotic aims was so necessary to the government. We have a new representative of England on a new errand at Washington; and federalism is raising its crest all over the country for assumption and a British bank.

Mr. Calhoun, if he excepts the office will have it in his power to do much good for the country, and for his own fame. He has not sought the office, directly or indirectly. No friend of his, we understand has approached the president on the subject. Not one of them, we believe, can answer as to the probability of his accepting it. For the most part, they are in favor of him taking the office.

We learn that Wilson Shannon, governor of Ohio, has been nominated as minister to Mexico.

It is rumored that the Hon. John Y. Mason, late member of Congress, and now United States judge in the eastern district of Virginia, has been nominated as Secretary of the Navy. We are authorized to say that no nomination for Secretary of the Navy has gone to the Senate; but, nevertheless, we think it is quite probable that Mr. Mason will be nominated.—*Globe.*

TIME.

Whether we play, or labor, or sleep, or dance, or study the sun posteth and the sand runs. In all the actions that a man performs, some part of his life passeth. We do it with doing that for which only one sliding life was granted. Nay though we do nothing. Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. And an hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue; but the difference which follows upon good actions is infinite

from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminishes our time here, yet it lays up a pleasure for eternity, and will compensate what it taketh away with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue we do not buy pleasure with expense of time; so it is not so much a consuming of time; as an exchange. Time is a ship that never anchors; while I am abroad, I had better do those things that may advantage my landing than practise such as shall cause my commitment when I come to the shore.

[Correspondence of the Baltimore American.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 29, 1844.

The newspapers here will give you the general particulars of the awful calamity which has befallen the country and this community. I have but little to add to the tale of woe.

Among the people here it has produced the most profound sensation. The Mayor of the city has postponed a town election ordered for to-morrow, until Wednesday of next week. Meetings preliminary to this election called for last evening were immediately adjourned. Cards for invitation to parties to take place this evening were withdrawn. Mr. Upsher himself had sent out invitations for a dinner party for next Wednesday.

Mr. Upsher has left a wife and daughter. Mr. Gilmer a wife and eight children—the eldest but fifteen.

Come Keunon has left a young wife and children by his first wife.

Mr. Maxey has also left a wife and children, and Col. Gardner two daughters, who have been belles of the city.

The wounded persons are all better this morning. Mr. Benton was only stunned.—Capt. Stockton's anguish is intense.

The party was entirely one of pleasure, and the company left here soon after 12 o'clock. It originated in a wish to give the ladies of the District an opportunity to visit the vessel, and about half the company were ladies.

The bodies of the killed are shockingly mangled. They were left on board last night to be removed this morning.

P. S. The bodies have been removed to the President's House, where they now are, they were borne from the landing in five hours, followed by fifty or sixty carriages and a vast concourse of people.

The President, about 10 at night, drove down in a carriage to Brown's hotel and took the two Misses Gardner up to the White House.

At this moment Mr. Upsher had his hand on the President's arm, said, "come Mr. Tyler, let's go up and see the gun fired."—Just then Col. Dade asked Mr. Waller (the President's son in law) to sing a song about 1776. The President replied, "no, by George, Upsher, I must stay and hear that song of Waller's—it's an old favorite of mine; you go up and I'll join you directly." Accordingly, away went Upsher and Gilmer, Wilkins and Nelson, to see the gun fired.—Messrs. Benson, Phelps, Hannon, Jarnagin, Miss Woodbury, Mr. and Mrs. Wetherell, Chas. Augustus Davis, Mr. David Gardner, Virgin Maxey, Commodore Kannon, and many others were on deck. The President remained below listening to the song, and just as Mr. Waller came to the name of Washington, off went the gun.—There, said Mr. Schauberg, (master of ceremonies,) that's in honor of the name; now for three cheers! And just as they were about to give them, a boatswain's mate rushed in to the cabin covered with powder, and said that the big gun had exploded, and killed many of those on deck.

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extensively circulated and signed in the southern States, calling on congress so to amend the constitution as to admit the whole of their population to the benefits of representation, and not *three fifths*, or a moiety of that population.

On their own principles the Abolitionists in the Legislature of Massachusetts and elsewhere cannot deny the justice and propriety of this proposal. They refuse to view slaves as property. They consider them endowed with the qualities that entitle them to the privileges of other classes of society. This is their abstract theory of right. The conclusion from this doctrine is inevitable. If slaves are persons, in all that constitutes personality, they should be represented, not by a moiety, but entirely.—

We would, therefore, suggest that the South meet the movement of Massachusetts, extensively petitioning Congress for such an alteration of the Constitution as will entitle it to the benefits of a full representation of numbers in congress, to wit, the whole of its population, slave and free.

Charleston Patriot.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

PORTRAIT OF WHIGGY,

FROM THE PENCIL OF A WHIG!!

Yesterday's Whig contains a letter from Willoughby Newton, Esq., a member of the House of Representatives from the county of Westmoreland, of a most singular character.

He had been invited by the committee of invitation to attend the whig convention about to assemble in Richmond, one

of whose most important duties, you inform me, will be "to embody and promulgate, in

the form of an address to the people of Virginia, the political principles and measures

of governmental policy, upon their approval of which the whig party intend to place

their hopes of success at the next spring and fall elections."

Mr. N. declines the honor;

and in place of attending in person, sends on to the committee a letter of advice

which the Whig is pleased to publish in its

every day's number.—Well might the whig

preface it with the remark, that "the reader

will be amply repaid by a perusal."

Amidst all the evil that may befall the whig party, we have never seen a more extraordinary revelation made, even in these extraordinary times—a document so rich in discovery, so well calculated to support the charges which the democrats made upon the whigs of 1840, and to expose the devicess of this motley multitude to the withering rebuke of an indignant country. We do not blame Mr. N. when for writing such a letter, but we leave it to him to reconcile his own past acts to his present professions. We esteem him as a gentleman; but we do not excuse him for so far as we can, forward to noise the revelations of Mr. N. to the public.

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POETRY.

From the New York American.
There is affection, playfulness and poetry in the annexed lines, by a sister to an absent brother.

MY BROTHER ON THE BRANDY WINE.

Tho' gay, never giddy,
Tho' gentle, no lop,
A tall, "acting middy,"
Keeps watch on the "top."

The hazel-curl fades
On his temples bown,
His hair—like maid's,
On his cheek is down.

Beneath his long lashes,
In eyes deeply gray,
Each gallant thought flashes,
And merry ones play.

But now they retrace
The far distant shore,
The home, and the face,
He may see no more!

'Mid the bright and glad,
The brave and the free,
Our middy if sad,
Soon sparkles with glee!

For he loves the bold,
The frank and the kind,
On the noble roll
Of the Brandy wine!

And they love our boy,
For his heart is warm,
And will beat with joy,
When they "beat the alarm."

When the "Sea Dogs" bark,
And landsmen are pale,
His bloom, like the spark,
Will grow with the gale;

When winds are mad!
Or pipe o'er the lee,
And they gallopade
With the bounding sea.

When the rolling deep
Doth her waist entwine,
The step he can keep
With the Brandywine.

From the Hartford Times.

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?
"Tis not to go to church to day,
To look devout, and seem to pray,
And 'ere to-morrow's sun go down,
Be dealing scandal through the town.
Not every sanctimonious face,
Denotes the certain sign of grace;
A phiz that seems to scowl at sin,
Oft veils hypocrisy within.
"Tis not to mark out duty's walk,
Or of our own good deeds to talk,
And then to practice secret crime,
And so m'st spend and waste our time.
"Tis not for seats or crooks to fight,
And call our zeal the rule of right;
When all we wish is, at the best,
To see our church exceed the rest,
"Tis not to wear the Christain's dress,
And love to all mankind profest;
Then treat with scorn the sullying poor,
And fast against them close our door.
Ah no! religion means not this:
Its fruit far sweetest, fairer is;
In heavenly soil alone it thrives,
And more than blossoms where it lives.
Religion! 'tis the rule of life,
The bond of love, the bane of strife;
Its precept this—“to others do
As you would have them do to you,
It grieves to hear an ill report,
And scorns with human woes to sport,
Of others' deeds it speaks no ill,
But tells good, or else is still.
And does Religion this import—
Oh may our souls its influence court!
Haste, haste, the bright, the blissful day,
When the whole earth shall own its way.

South Coventry, Feb. 1st.

DYING RICH.

The following lines from the United States Gazette have the eloquence of truth to recommend them.

An active business man is a rational man, and a blessing to the community.—He keeps in gratifying exercise the talents which God has given him which, of itself, is a blessing to him. He gives employment to the hand of industry, which is far better than giving alms to the unemployed. These are the legitimate and rational end of active business pursuits and wealth getting—the gratification of the active powers and promotion of industry.—But their desire of growing rich merely to die rich is one of the most foolish intentions that ever entered the heart of foolish man. Experience has fully and emphatically taught the lesson, that much wealth left to heirs, is eight times out of ten, not a blessing but a curse. Its expectation beguiles & spoils all the many powers its possession leads to misjudgment, and finally, exhaustion and ruin. The time will yet come, when men of wealth will be wise enough to make a gradual disposition of their property while living—not prospective, but operative—thereby have an eye to the use which is made of it, and participate in the greatest enjoyment that wealth is capable of giving, that of seeing it do good to others. They will dismiss the foolish aspiration of “dying rich,” with the almost certain reflection that their heirs, sooner or later will die poor.”

RAVAGES OF THE LATE ERUPTION OF Etna.—The account from Palermo state that the number of deaths occasioned by the burning lava emitted at the late eruption of Mount Etna, amount to 143, and are chiefly foreigners, amongst whom are many English, who were attracted to the spot by curiosities, to witness this phenomenon of nature. The damage done to the fields, vineyards and cattle, is estimated at a million and a half of dollars.

By the President of the United States.

In pursuance of the provisions of a Treaty between the United States and the Chickasaw Indians, made and concluded at Pontotoc Creek, on the twenty-first day of October, 1832, and of the supplementary and explanatory articles thereto, made and concluded on the twenty-second day of the same month; and also, of the Treaty between the United States and the Chickasaw Indians, made and concluded at the City of Washington on the twenty-fourth day of May, 1834;

I, JOHN TYLER, President of the United States, do hereby declare and make known, that a public sale for the disposal of the lands ceded to the United States by the said Indians, as are hereinafter described, shall be held at the Land Office at PONTO TOTOC, in Mississippi, on the second Monday in May next.

East of the Chickasaw Meridian.
Township twenty-five, range five east—except west half of section three, north east quarter section four, east half section ten, south west quarter section eleven, south half section twelve, west half and south east quarter section thirteen, and north half and south east quarter section fourteen.

Township twenty-four, of range six, east—except east half and north west quarter section three, and north east quarter section four.

Township twenty-five, of range six, east—except west half section two, north east quarter section three, north east quarter section eight, east half and south west quarter section ten, west half section eleven, west half section fourteen, east half section seventeen, south east quarter and north west quarter section nineteen, south half and north east quarter section twenty-one, north west quarter and south east quarter section twenty-three, south half section twenty-four, north half section twenty-five, north east quarter section twenty-six, north half and south east quarter section twenty-nine, section thirty, north east quarter section thirty-two, section thirty-three, east half and south west quarter section thirty-four.

Fractional township sixteen, of range two, east—except the north fractions of sections one, two, three and four, and fractional sections five and six.

Fractional township seventeen, of range two, east.

Fractional townships sixteen and seventeen, of range three, east.

Section eighteen, in township seven, of range two, east.

Fractional township sixteen, of range two, east—except the north fractions of sections one, two, three and four, and fractional sections five and six.

Fractional township seventeen, of range two, east.

Fractional townships twenty-three and twenty-four, of range seven, east.

Section five, in township eight of range five, east.

Section thirty-three, in township eleven of range six, east.

Sections twenty-three and twenty-six, in township four, of range seven, east.

Section thirty-six, in township seven, of range seven, east.

Section twenty-three, in township ten, of range seven, east.

Section five, in township eleven, of range seven, east.

Section eighteen, in township seven, of range seven, east.

Section twenty-five, in township fifteen, of range seven, east.

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Section twenty-five, in township fifteen, of range seven, east.

West of the Meridian of Huntsville, in Alabama.

Fractional section eight, in township three of range thirteen, west.

Fractional section one, in township four of range thirteen, west, except lot A:

Section twenty-four, in township five, of range fifteen, west.

East of the Choctaw Meridian.

Township twenty-five, range five east—except west half of section three, north east quarter section four, east half section ten, south west quarter section eleven, south half section twelve, west half and south east quarter section thirteen, and north half and south east quarter section fourteen, west.

Township twenty-four, of range six, east—except east half and north west quarter section three, and north east quarter section four.

Township twenty-five, of range six, east—except west half section two, north east quarter section three, north east quarter section eight, east half and south west quarter section ten, west half section eleven, west half section fourteen, east half section seventeen, south east quarter section nineteen, south half and north east quarter section twenty-one, north west quarter and south east quarter section twenty-three, south half section twenty-four, north east quarter section twenty-five, north east quarter section twenty-six, north half and south east quarter section twenty-nine, section thirty, north east quarter section thirty-two, section thirty-three, east half and south west quarter section thirty-four.

Section thirty-four, in township one, of range two, east.

Section six, in township six, of range two, east.

Fractional township sixteen, of range two, east—except the north fractions of sections one, two, three and four, and fractional sections five and six.

Fractional township seventeen, of range two, east.

Fractional townships twenty-three and twenty-four, of range seven, east.

Section five, in township eight of range five, east.

Section thirty-three, in township eleven of range six, east.

Sections twenty-three and twenty-six, in township four, of range seven, east.

Section nine, in township seven, of range five, west.

Fractional township twenty-one of range ten, east—except south half and north east quarter section one, section two, north east quarter section eleven, north east quarter section twelve.

Fractional township twenty-two, of range ten east.

Fractional township twenty, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township twenty-one, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township twenty-two, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township twenty-three, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township twenty-four, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township twenty-five, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township twenty-six, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township twenty-seven, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township twenty-eight, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township twenty-nine, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township thirty, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township thirty-one, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township thirty-two, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township thirty-three, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township thirty-four, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township thirty-five, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township thirty-six, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township thirty-seven, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township thirty-eight, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township thirty-nine, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township forty, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township forty-one, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township forty-two, of range eleven, east.

Fractional township forty-three, of range eleven, east.

File

Jacksonville Republican.

Vol. 8.—No. 11.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1844.

Whole No. 376.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
J. F. GRANT.
At \$2.50 in advance, or \$3.00 at the end of the year.
No subscription received for less than one year unless paid in advance; and no subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.
A failure to give notice at the end of the year of a wish to discontinue, will be considered an engagement for the next.

Terms of Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS of 12 lines or less, \$1.00 for each insertion, and 50 cents for each continuation. Over 12 lines counted as two squares, over 24 inches, &c.

Irregular insertions charged one dollar per square.

All personal advertisements and communications charged double the foregoing rates.

Job work and advertising must be paid for in advance; and interest will be invariably charged upon all accounts from the time they are due until paid.

Advertisers in the columns will be published without directions, as to the number of insertions, will be published cost for cost and charged accordingly.

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements inserted for six or twelve months.

For announcing candidates \$3.00, invariably in advance.

For inserting circulars, &c. of candidates, 50 cents per square.

POSTAGE MUST BE PAID on all letters addressed to the Editor on business.

THE FARMER.

Of all pursuits by man invented,
The Farmer's make the best contented;
His calling good, his profits high,
And on his labor all rely.
Mechanics all by him are fed,
Of him the Merchant seeks his bread;
His hand gives meat to every thing,
Up from the Beggar to the King;
The milk and honey, corn and wheat,
Are by his labors made complete.
Our clothes from him must first arise
To deck the pop and dress the wise;
We then by vote may justly state
The Farmer's rank among the great;
More independent than they all,
That dwell upon this earthly ball.
Hail, all you Farmers, young and old,
Push on your plough with courage bold.
Your wealth arises from your eld,
Your independence from your God.
Since then the plough supports the nation,
And men of rank of every station,
Let Kings to Farmers make a bow,
And every man procure a plough.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

'Tis not to pause when at my door,
A shivering brother stands;
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.

It's not to spurn that brother's prayer,
For faults he once has known;
'Tis not to leave him in despair,
And say that I have none.

The voice of charity is kind—
She thinketh nothing wrong;
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In Penitence she placeth Faith—
Hope smileth at the door;
Relieveth first—then soothly saith,
"Go brother, sin no more!"

REVOLUTIONARY RECOLLECTIONS.

In the autumn of 1777, when Lord Howe had possession of Philadelphia, the situation of the Americans who could not follow their beloved commander, was truly distressing, subject to the every day insults of the cruel and oppressive foes. Bound to pay obedience to the laws predicated on the momentary power of a proud and vindictive commander, it can be better pictured than described. To obtain the common necessities of life, particularly flour, they had to go as far as Bristol, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles, and even this indulgence was not granted them, until a pass was procured from Lord Howe, as guards were placed along Vine street, extending from the Delaware to the Schuylkill forming a complete barrier; beyond these, through the woods, extending as far as Frankfort, were stationed the piquet guards—thus rendering it in a manner impossible to reach the Bristol mills, unless first obtaining a pass.

The commander-in-chief of the American forces was then encamped at the Valley Forge, suffering from cold, hunger and the inclemency of the season.—The British rolled in plenty, and spent their days in feasting, their nights in balls, riots and dissipation; thus resting in supposed security, while the American chieftain was planning a mode for their final extirpation. A poor woman with six small children, whose husband was at the Valley Forge, had made frequent applications for a pass. Engagements rendered it impossible for her, cruel tormentors to give her one. Rendered desperate from disappointment, and the cries of her children, she started alone without a pass, and by good luck eluded the guards and reached Bristol.

It will be remembered by many now living, that six brothers by the name Dooley or Dowell, about this time committed many acts of heroic bravery, but more in the character of marauders than soldiers. They were men full six feet high, stout and active, a fearless, intrepid character marked partially to the Americans rendered them obnoxious to the British, & always welcome to the former, to whom they conveyed what information they could glean in their adventures.

Our adventurous female, having procured her flour in a pillow case holding about twenty pounds, was returning with a light heart to her anxious and lonely babes. She had passed the piquet guards at Frankfort, and was just entering the woods a little this side, when a tall, stout man stepped from behind a tree, and putting a letter in her hand, requested her to read it. She grasped with eager joy the letter bearing the character of her husband's hand writing. After a pause he said, "your husband is well, madam, and requested me to say, that in a short time he will be with you; money is a scarce article among us—I mean among them; but on account of your husband's partiality to the cause of liberty, I am willing to become his banker." So saying, he handed her a purse of money, "My means are adequate, or I would not be thus lavish," seeing she was about to refuse it.

"You said, sit my husband would see me shortly; how do you know that which seems so impossible? and how did you know me, who never—"

"Hush, madam, we are now approaching the British guard; suffice it to say, the American commander has in his head, which like an earthquake, will shake the whole American continent, and expunge these miscreants; but hark—take the road to the left—farewell." So saying, he departed. She gave one look, but vacancy filled the spot where he stood. With slow and cautious steps she approached Vine street. Already her fire burned beneath her bread, when the awful word hark! struck her to the soul. She started, and found herself in the custody of a British sentinel. "Your pass, woman?" "I have none, sir; my children are—'"D—n the rebel crew, why do you breed enemies to your King—this flour is mine—off, woman, and die with your babies." A groan was her only answer. The ruffian was about departing, when the former messenger appeared—his whole demeanor was changed; humble simplicity marked his gait—he approached the guard with a seeming fearlessness, and begged him in a suppliant voice to give the poor woman her flour. "Fool! idiot!" exclaimed the guard, "who are you? see yonder guard-house—if you interfere here you shall soon be its inmate." "May be so, sir; but won't you give the poor woman the means of supporting her little family one week longer? recollect the distance she has walked, the weight of the bag, and recollect!"

"Hell and fury, sirrah! Why bid me recollect, you piccad in vain—begone, or I'll send you as a spy."

"You won't give the poor woman her flour?" "No."

"Then by my country's faith and hopes of freedom, you shall!" and with a powerful arm he seized the guard by the throat and hurled him to the ground.—"Run madam run—see the guard-house is alive—seize your flour, pass Vine street, and you are safe." "Twas done. The guard attempted to rise, when the stranger drew a pistol and shot him dead. The unfortunate man gazed around him with a fearless intrepidity.—There was but one way of escape, and that through the wood. Seizing the dead man's musket, he started like a deer pursued by the hounds. "Shoot him down! down with him!" was echoed from one line to another. The desperado was lost in the wood, and a general search commenced; the object of their pursuit in the mean time flew like lightning; the main guard was left behind, but the whole piquet line would soon be alarmed—one course alone presented itself, and that was to mount his horse, which was concealed among the bushes, and gallop down to the Delaware; a boat was already there for him. The thought was no sooner suggested than it was put in execution. He mounted his horse, and eluding the alarmed guards, had nearly reached the Delaware.

On the south and east Etna is entirely covered with smoke.

LIBERALITY.—We like to pick up an instance of benevolence among our various newspaper reading of a pleasing character. The Baltimore Clipper, states that a widow woman, with three small children, having rented a collar from "a man in form, but not in heart," and having been rendered, by indisposition, incapable of doing her usual work (washing) for some time, fell in arrears for rent about six dollars. Her few articles of furniture were seized and sold by her landlord, in Lexington market, where she attended with her little offspring. The butchers in the market having been made acquainted with the transaction, with a feeling and liberality which reflect on them the highest honor, immediately subscribed between thirty and forty dollars, which they gave to the poor widow, together with her furniture, which they purchased for her, and as much meat as she could carry home. It affords us much pleasure to record such instances of disinterested benevolence, as they tend to exalt the human character. The heartless landlord retreated from the scene, amidst the execrations of the spectators. The husband of the poor woman was killed some time ago on the Philadelphia railroad.

PICTURE OF AN ARMY.—All the exteriors of war are splendid. It is the interior, the consequences, the operation of that mighty trampler of man that are startling. This was my first sight of that most magnificent of all the atrocious inventions of human evil—an army. The forces of the two most warlike monarchies of Europe were spread before me: nearly a hundred and fifty thousand troops, with all the numberless followers of host in the field, covering a range of low hills which circled

the horizon. While we were at a considerable distance, a gun was fired from the flanks. The rolling of the drums set the vast line in motion, and, just at that moment when the sun was lying on the edge of the west, the brigades, descending each from its heights, baled on the slope. The whole vast manœuvre was executed with the exactness of a single mind. The blaze of the sun on the arms, the standards, and the tents crowning the brow of the hills was magical.—*Marston; or, Memoirs of a Statesman.*

TALENT ACQUIRED.—As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is, and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarkable for plausibility in raillery, others for apologetics and opposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather because it is not by got rules; & those who excel in either of them never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavor that way, till at last he insensibly got a faculty in it without perceiving how, and that is attributed wholly to nature which was much more the effect of use and practice.—*Locke.*

THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.—The Mississippi Valley has no parallel on earth—its length may be estimated at not less than two thousand five hundred miles; and its main breadth, is from twelve to fifteen hundred. There are many facts to prove that it was once covered with an immense ocean, and that the great change was brought about by repeated and long continued volcanic convulsions.

This valley is the most delightful, the richest, and the fairest portion of the earth, and capable of sustaining a population of one hundred millions.

THE CANAL OF THE PYRENEES.—A project has been brought forward for cutting a canal of the Pyrenees, to connect the Mediterranean with the Atlantic, and to avoid the circuitous rout by the coast of Spain. The plan, as it at present stands, was first matured by M. Galabert, member of the French chamber of Deputies. The Legislature granted to a company that was to carry it into execution, the property in perpetuity in the canal, with several other advantages, but required a deposit of 3,000,000 francs, until the act was passed. The subscription was completed; and the company was in active operation.

TRUTH.—Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose upon the earth, says Milton in his *Areopagitica*, so true is it that the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to mislodge her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew her put to the worse in a free and open encounter?

Mrs. Gilmour.—Mrs. Gilmour, who was apprehended in this country on the charge of having murdered her husband, and taken back to Scotland, has been acquitted on the ground that the charge was "not proven."

PATENT OFFICE.—From the annual report of the Commissioners of Patents, which was presented in the House of Representatives this morning, we learn that 534 patents have been issued during the year 1843, including 11 reissues, 16 designs, and 2 additional improvements to former patents.

During the same period 447 patents have been issued.

The applications for patents during the year amount to \$19, and the number of caveats was 315.

The receipts of the office for 1843 amount to \$35,315, \$1, from which is to be deducted, upon withdrawal applications, \$6,025 85.

The whole number of patents issued by the United States up to January 1844, was thirteen thousand five hundred and twenty-five.

The patents granted for the year, exceeded those for the previous year 24, and the excess of applications was 58.

Washington Spec.

NOT BAD.—Elder Swain, while laboring for the souls of the Bunker-hillers, at times is quite happy in his local allusions. Said he—"The people have worked very hard, and spent a vast sum of money, to build a yonder monument in honor of the dead; now, if they would work as hard, and spend as much money, to build a monument of souls in honor of Jesus Christ, they would make the devil howl so that you could hear him all over the United States."

Boston Post.

On Wednesday we yesterday announced the death of Nicholas Biddle. The Philadelphia correspondent of the Charleston Courier says: "It is broadly rumored to-day, that on his death-bed he said to one of his physicians that he had left a written *expose* of all the facts relative to the sinking and the

doings of the late United States Bank—that he was willing to assume his share of the responsibility—but that he could not leave the world without imposing upon others, the burthen they should properly bear."

The Navoo paper announces Joe Smith, the Mormon Prophet, as a candidate for the Presidency.

An extraordinary sensation was created in Jersey City, on the 21st by the fall of a substance resembling bloody flesh, in pieces varying from the size of a dime to a twenty-five cent piece.

Mo. Tribune & Herald.

The New York Cotton market, on the 21st, declined 1-4 of a cent, and 3500 bales only had been sold from the arrival of the steamer. On the 22d, the sales were 2500 bales at the previous decline.

Tribune & Herald.

The President of the United States has issued his proclamation, announcing the conclusion of a treaty with Peru, for the settlement of claims of citizens of the United States on the Peruvian government on account of seizures, captures and confiscations of American vessels. The Peruvian government agreed to pay the sum of \$300,000, for the amount of the claims, in ten annual installments of \$30,000 each, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, from the 1st of January, 1842.

The Supreme Court of the United States has given a verdict in favor of Gen. Gaines and his wife; in the great suit brought by them. The amount of property involved is represented to be \$15,000,000 lying in New Orleans. Gen. Gaines, then, next to Astor, is the richest man in the Union.

ANOTHER DUEL.—We learn from the Picayune that a fatal duel was fought on Thursday last at Vicksburg, Miss., between Mr. Hammert, editor of the Vicksburg Whig, (and brother of the member of Congress from Mississippi,) and Mr. Ryan, editor of the Sentinel. They fought with pistols, and at the usual distance. At the fourth fire Mr. Ryan fell mortally wounded, being shot directly through the lungs. He died within ten minutes. In two of the previous fires Mr. Hammert had been wounded; but the affair was allowed to proceed, probably in conformity with the original terms of the meeting. A short time before these same parties exchanged shots with rifles, but the quarrel was amicably adjusted. Mr. Ryan was the successor of Dr. Hagan, who, it will be recollect, was killed in a street fight about a year ago.

POLITICAL.

From the New Orleans Courier.—Extra. ELECTION OF STATE SENATOR.
We have met the enemy—and they are ours. HUZZA! THIRCE HUZZA FOR A COMPLETE VICTORY OF THE DEMOCRACY.

Contrary to the general expectation of the most sanguine whigs, Mr. Slidell has been elected over the whig champion, Mr. Roselius, by a handsome majority as State senator to-day. Nothing but the most strenuous exertions of the democracy could have produced a result so satisfactory to every republican and advocate of equal rights.

This victory was achieved almost under the eyes of Mr. Clay: he had drilled the party, and brought into requisition every coon, old and young. "Victory was promised them—defeat has been the result; and the chivalrous democratic cock, which was represented by the Tropic of this morning as being despised of his feathers, and in a fair way of having his throat cut by the insidious coon, has risen in his might, and given such a spur to the varmint, as will forever consign him to oblivion.

The election of State senator is a glorious triumph indeed. "As the city goes, so goes the State." We have but one more triumph to gain in order to complete the good work, and that is—the election of a democratic mayor. Whoever may be nominated by the democracy will be certain of election.

From the New Orleans Herald.—Extra. GLORY ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY.

"THE SOBER THOUGHT."
We have the consolation of saying to our friends that New Orleans is "redeemed regenerated, and disenthralled." On yesterday our election came off for senator for the parish of Orleans, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the lamented Hox. This election was in the midst of the whig convention, just after the vast procession of Mr. Clay, just after the vast procession of the whigs noticed by us before; just after the speeches of Prentiss, Poinsett, and others, and just after the speech and refusal to speak, by Mr. Clay,—in one word, just after all that could be done in the way of parade, and a glorious victory has crowned our efforts.

THOMAS SLIDELL is elected to the Senate of the State by a majority of 416. We give below the returns from the different wards of the city. Nothing of importance occurred to detract from this victory. We feel and trust that the result of this election will be a signal and lasting rebuke to restrictionists of every class.

Boston Post.

HARD CIDER.
The Boston Post states that "the Philadelphia Whigs have sent Gov. Jones, of Tennessee, a pair of silver pitchers to hold his hard cider for the next campaign." This is as it should be. Hard cider in a silver pitcher, is a fair illustration of Whigery, which is nothing more or less than demagoguery wedded to aristocracy.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer writers—

The times are "easy," if we can judge by the articles that find plenty of buyers. I heard yesterday that a shop-keeper in Broadway had imported several ladies' dresses, priced at one thousand dollars each, and had no difficulty in selling them. Mr. Weeks a large furniture manufacturer, informed me that, of a certain kind of costly chair, he could not keep one unsold! It was certainly a super article, made of carved rose-wood and purple velvet; price (for a single chair) one hundred and fifty dollars!

The letter writers at Washington begin to get more definite information in relation to the U. S. treaty for the annexation of Texas. The New York True Sun states that three months ago, a confidential agent was despatched by the State Department to the Government of Texas, in order that he might receive and communicate the official intentions and desires of that government in relation to the proposed annexation. These papers have been received, and upon them as data, a Treaty is now being drawn up to be presented for the consideration of the Senate, in the full confidence that it will be speedily ratified.

The most difficult part of this transaction, consists in giving the necessary State reasons that should warrant such precipitate and secret action. These reasons have been furnished in detail by the Texian authorities, and may be briefly condensed as follows.

Unassailed by foreign foes, and at peace from internal strife, Texas finds herself unable to maintain her position among the independent powers of the earth from inherent weakness. She has not wealth enough within her borders to sustain a separate government, and therefore an imperative necessity compels her to submit her independence to some wealthier power in consideration of protection to be furnished.

This necessity, it is said, has been established to exist; and if it be true, Texas must speedily be annexed to the U. S. States or become an appendage of Great Britain. She is already heavily indebted to that country for pecuniary assistance and

POETRY.

TO MY OLD COAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HUSSAR'S NEST.

And must we part—my good old friend?
Ah me!—it grieves me sorely;
I can no more thy tatters mend,
The stitches hold so poorly.

With patch on patch, for many a year,
I've kept thee snug together,
And clad in thee I had no fear
For any kind of weather—

Thou wast my father's wedding coat
And I have heard him mention,
He wore thee, buttoned to the throat,
To catch the girl's attention;—

For then the martial figure stood
In highest estimation,
No wonder with a coat so good
He raised their admiration.

Five times in fashion thou hast been,
Twice turned and often mended;
The like of thee I ne'er have seen,
Tho' now thy days are ended.

When first I wore thee "every day,"
It brought to mind my mother;
"Tim, save that coat," she used to say,
"Thou'll ne'er get such another."

Yes! I'll preserve thy relics still,
And learn by that example,
My every duty to fulfil,
Tho' fate should on me trample.

From the Metropolitan.
SING ME TO MY SLUMBERS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet
South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

Twelfth Night.

Sing me to thy slumbers;
Sing those melting numbers
Sooth my troubled breast;
Let thy gentle finger
O'er the sweet chords linger
Till I sink to rest;
Oh! may dreams of pleasure
Spring from that sweet measure.
Bringing all I treasure
Back again to night!
Looks for which I languish,
Tones that soothe my anguish,
Steal upon my sight!

Early days are fleetest,
But they are the sweetest

Heart can ever know;
Golden rays of glory
Crown their fairy story,
All is summer glow.
Late and early meeting,
Household faces greeting,
Keep the heart still beating,
True to Nature's tone;
Till the world has spoken,—
"Let home's spell be broken!"
Then the charm is gone.

What can worldlings offer,
Let them heap the coffee
Full of shining gold;
Ah! not all their treasure
Fills the golden measure
Loving hearts unfold.
World, thy visor covers
Hollow friends and lovers;
Man too soon discovers
Early friends are best;
Sing me to thy slumbers,
With those melting numbers,
Sing me to my rest!

* This song was written to the music of a melancholy Irish air, which is admirably suited for, and sounds most beautifully with three voices.

The Washington City Spectator says: "We were informed that Mr. Calhoun's nomination, without the usual reference to a committee, was confirmed instantaneously and unanimously by the Senate, on its presentation. If one man in this Union is adequate to save the country from any evil, we believe it to be this old, wise, long-tried statesman. The country, we are satisfied, will rejoice, should he accept the appointment."

* The following is an extract from the New York Correspondence of the Charles-ton Mercury:

"A portion of the friends of Mr. Calhoun had a meeting here on Friday evening, at which they resolved to suspend their hostilities to the project of a Baltimore Convention, and cordially unite with other portions of the Democratic party in carrying out the common objects of their creed. How many of the regular Calhoun organization were present, and how far all the adherents of that gentleman are disposed to give into such a decision, I am not informed."

STATE OF ALABAMA, Benton County.

TAKEN UP and posted by Rossellis Hughs, on Cold water, a blind Roan Horse, some white in his face, left hind foot white, shot all round when taken up, ♀ or 10 years old, appraised to three dollars, Dec. 7th, 1842.

M. M. HOUSTON, Crk.

Mar. 13, 1844.

AND M. M. HOUSTON, Crk.

Mar. 13, 1844.

STATE OF ALABAMA, Benton County.

TAKEN UP and posted by Thomas Gar-ner, on Chokoloko, a Bay Horse Po-ney, 15 years old, 14 hands high, eighth hand white, bid, shoe on before and several spots on the back, appraised to \$12 50, March 4th, 1844.

M. M. HOUSTON, Crk.

Mar. 13, 1844.

By the President of the United States.

IN pursuance of the provisions of a Treaty between the United States and the Chickasaw Indians, made and concluded at Pontotoc Creek, on the twenty-first day of October, 1832, and of the supplementary and explanatory articles thereto, made and concluded on the twenty-second day of the same month; and, also, of the Treaty between the United States and the Chickasaw Indians, made and concluded at the City of Washington on the twenty-fourth day of May, 1834;

I, JOHN TYLER, President of the United States, do hereby declare and make known, that a public sale for the disposal of the lands ceded to the United States by the said Indians, as are hereinafter described, shall be held at the Land Office at PONTOOTOC, in Mississippi, on the second Monday in May next.

East of the Chickasaw Meridian.

Township fourteen & fractional town-

ship fifteen, of range one, east.

Section thirty-four, in township one, of range two, east.

Section six, in township six, of range two, east.

Section twenty-four, of range six, east—except west half of section three north east quarter section four, east half section ten, south west quarter section eleven, south half section twelve, west half and south east quarter section thirteen, and north half and south east quarter section fourteen.

Township twenty-four of range six, east—except east half and north west quarter section three, and north east quarter section four.

Township twenty-five, of range six, east—except west half section two, north east quarter section three, north east quarter section eight, east half and south west quarter section ten, west half section eleven, west half section fourteen, east half section seventeen, south east quarter section nineteen, south half and north east quarter section twenty, north west quarter section twenty-one, north west quarter section twenty-three, south half section twenty-four, north half section twenty-five, north east quarter section twenty-six, north half and south east quarter section twenty-nine, section thirty, north east quarter section thirty-two, section thirty-three, east half and south west quarter section thirty-four.

Fractional township seventeen, of range two, east.

Fractional townships sixteen and sev-

enteen, of range three, east.

Section eighteen, in township seven, of range four, east.

East half of section twenty-two, in township ten, of range four, east.

Section five, in township eight of range five, east.

Section thirty-three, in township eleven, of range six, east.

Sections twenty-three and twenty-

six, in township four, of range seven, east.

Section thirty-six, in township seven, of range seven, east:

Section twenty-three, in township ten, of range seven, east.

Sections five, six and seven, in town-

ship eleven, of range seven, east.

South half of section nine, in town-

ship thirteen, of range seven, east.

Section twenty-five, in township fif-

teen, of range seven, east.

East half of section nineteen, and sec-

tions twenty, twenty-eight, twenty-

nine, thirty-three, thirty-five, and thirty-

six, in township eleven, of range eight, east.

Sections three and twenty-four, in town-

ship three, of range ten, east.

West of the Chickasaw Meridian.

West half of section five, in town-

ship three, of range one, west.

West half of section thirty-two, in town-

ship two, of range three, west.

Section thirty-two, in township three, of range four, west.

North half of section one, north frac-

tion of section twenty-five, and section thir-

ty-four, in township six, of range four,

west.

Section fourteen, in township eight, of

range four, west.

Sections twenty-five and thirty-six, in town-

ship four, of range five, west.

Section nine, in township seven, of range five, west.

North half of section eighteen, and sec-

tions twenty-nine, in township eight, of range five, west.

Sections twenty-three and twenty-

four, in township nine, of range five, west.

Section eleven, in township nine, of range six, west.

Sections one, two and three, south

half of section seven, west half of sec-

tion eight, and sections nine, ten, elev-

een, twenty, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and

twenty-four, of range four, east.

Section sixteen, in townships one, two,

three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,

ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen, of range two,

east.

Section sixteen, in townships one, two,

three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,

ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen, of range two,

east.

Section sixteen, in townships one, two,

three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,

ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen, of range two,

east.

Section sixteen, in townships one, two,

three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,

ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen, of range two,

east.

Section sixteen, in townships one, two,

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east.

Section sixteen, in townships one, two,

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east.

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east.

Section sixteen, in townships one, two,

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east.

Section sixteen, in townships one, two,

three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,

ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen, of range two,

east.

Section sixteen, in townships one, two,